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The SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY

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Book Reviews

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The South Atlantic Quarterly

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JULY, 1934

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THE CULTURE OF AGRICULTURE

WALTER J. MATHERLY

THE CULTURE of agriculture involves not only the tillage of the soil and the techniques incident to the operation of agricultural enterprises, but also the modes of conduct which prevail in an agrarian economy. Culture is "the whole way in which we live, act, think, and feel." Clark Wissler has said that culture is "the round of life in its entire sweep of individual activities." The foundations of cultural inheritance are agrarian ways of living, of working, of thinking. Agriculture is at the center of the cultural traditions of the past. The culture of agriculture represents the tendencies and characteristics which most faithfully portray what an agrarian people are or aspire to be.

I

The art of agriculture is a method of securing the means of subsistence. From the soil man has always secured his sustenance, his supplies with which to survive, his resources with which to rise above mere existence. He did not deem these activities obnoxious, nor did he regard them as necessary evils—as something inconsistent with the aspirations of his spirit. In recent decades, however, the act of labor has ceased to be "one of the happy functions of human life." No longer does man find sheer joy in work itself, in toil which satisfies, in effort which is completely self-absorbing. This change of attitude has occurred because we have become devotees to labor-saving devices, believers in leisure at any price, adherents to the notion that we are to do not as much but as little as possible.

The tiller of the soil wrestles with raw nature. He makes

use of physical rather than social knowledge. He obtains his living not by practicing the art of pleasing others but by coöperating with nature or by ceaselessly waging war against nature. The earth yields its fruits, often willingly but more often grudgingly. He who depends directly upon the natural world utilizes the physical rather than the social sciences. Perhaps this is why those who live near the soil are so often unfamiliar with the social graces.

Unlike the industrialist, the agriculturist has always had to take what the earth has had to offer. While he has been able to irrigate dry and drain wet lands, he has generally been compelled to fit his operations to natural environment. Other types of industrial enterprises have not been so dependent upon nature. They have been able to select favorable environmental conditions under which they could operate effectively and thereby adjust in a large measure the conditions to fit their activities. They have tended to control, rather than to be controlled by, natural factors.

The art of agriculture is not only a method of securing the means of subsistence but also a manner of living. Originally business organization coincided with family organization. Economic activity was of the family, by the family, and for the family. Agriculture was the preëminent form of economic effort. The farmer combined home, family, and business life. The city dweller has not been able to achieve these ends. In the city there is little or no connection between home life and business life. The home is located at one place, and business is located at another.

Agriculture is more than a seasonal recurrence of seed-time and harvest; it is more than a process of providing products at prices which will yield a profit; it is a *modus vivendi*; its activities are the product of thousands of years. Rural ways and customs are deeply rooted in history; they have survived the changes of the centuries; they contribute to the cohesiveness of the social structure; their disappearance may mean the disappearance of the best that has been experienced by man in the long history of the past.

The farmer has been considered the most independent of men. In the olden days of self-sufficiency he could do about as he pleased. Of course, he was subject to climatic changes and was limited by the forces of nature, but notwithstanding these limitations he was economically a free man. He could come and go, work and play, produce and consume as the spirit moved him. No threat of over-production troubled his dreams and no demands for processing taxes and subsistence homesteads emanated from his doorsteps.

But the independence of the farmer no longer exists. With the rise of commercial agriculture he has ceased to be self-sufficient; he has been compelled to sell his products in regional, national, or international markets; he has become a seeker after profits rather than man living on the farm.

The art of agriculture is not only a manner of living but also a way of thinking. Those who live close to the earth learn to respect its activities. Direct contacts with mother nature make them modest and conservative. They develop the sterner virtues which are so essential to the maintenance of social stability. They become believers in the fixity of life values; they are settled, tied to definite regions, possess permanence.

The industrial way of living, however, is subject to constant change; it is always in a state of flux; it is complex, hectic, feverish; it affords us little time to adjust ourselves, to take root, to secure stability, to understand cosmic processes. The art of industrialism gives life a blur; the art of agriculture gives life meaning. The art of industrialism converts the world into a passing show; the art of agriculture converts the world into "an inexhaustible source of arts and religions and philosophies."

II

The age of agriculture has given way to the age of industrialism. The American people have shifted from rural to urban modes of living. In 1880 twenty-eight per cent of the inhabitants of the United States lived in cities of 2,500 or

more whereas seventy-two per cent lived in rural communities and cities of less than 2,500. In 1930 fifty-six per cent lived in cities of 2,500 or more and only forty-four per cent in cities of less than 2,500. If we add to the number of people residing in cities of 2,500 or more, the number residing in towns and villages of from 2,500 down to 250, about seventy-five per cent of our population are urban rather than rural dwellers. Only twenty-four per cent actually live on the farm.

Guyot, in his *Elementary Geography* published in 1868, said: "Tilling the soil, called farming or agriculture, is the principal business of the people in nearly all the states." In 1929 the act creating the Federal Farm Board declared it to be the policy of Congress "to promote effective merchandising of agricultural commodities . . . so that the industry of agriculture will be placed on a basis of economic equality with other industries." This change signified, declares Professor Edward C. Kirkland after citing both of the preceding incidents, that "the agricultural era was over."

The farmer is no longer the backbone of the nation. While the United States during the first century and a quarter of its existence depended primarily upon agriculture and glorified the occupation of the farmer, the rise of industrialism has pushed agriculture into the background. Agriculture in America, as well as elsewhere in the world, is declining. Industrialism triumphant is in the forefront, over-shadowing everything else.

The disintegration of agriculture is due to the integration of industrialism. The Civil War marks the turning point. That war was fundamentally a war between agrarianism and industrialism. Of course the economics of slavery and the question of state rights and so on were immediately in the foreground; but back of these the agrarian South was pitted against the industrial North. The industrial North won. The agricultural West had the same issues at stake as the South, but the agricultural West saw fit to join the industrial North.

Since the Civil War American agriculture has been constantly going downhill. It has found itself in a position where it could not compete with the efficiency and the high wages of industry. It has also been placed at a disadvantage in recent years due to the downward trend of prices of agricultural commodities relative to the prices which the farmer had to pay for what he bought. The income from farming since 1920 has not covered a fair return on capital, given a fair wage to the farmer, and provided him with standards of living equal to those of other groups.

The failure of agriculture presages the possible failure of American civilization. While it is impossible to determine a definite causal relation between a decline in agriculture and a decline of nations in the past, it is possible that such a causal relation exists. There is no permanency to industrial as contrasted with agrarian civilization. Industrialism is characterized by speed, acceleration, continuous progression and regression; it moves forward by tearing down and rebuilding. No sooner is one factory or one skyscraper completed or some other improvement made than a new invention or some other change occurs which makes it necessary to construct a larger factory or a higher skyscraper. Industrial civilization is artificial, constantly changing, and rests upon an insecure foundation; agrarian civilization is natural, relatively permanent, and rests upon a secure foundation—the earth itself.

History moves in cycles. It tends to repeat itself. Every nation before it passes away passes through, or is inclined to pass through, three periods: First, a period of progression—moving forward; second, a period of equilibrium—standing still; and third, a period of regression—going backward. Is this true of the United States? Is history repeating itself in America? Does the decline of agriculture have anything to do with the present apparent collapse of American civilization? I feel that it possibly does.

The city has grown at the expense of the country. The success of the city is coincident with the failure of the country. Population has become congested in metropolitan areas

like New York, Chicago, London, Paris, and Berlin. Unemployment, either potential or actual, dogs the footsteps of millions even in most prosperous eras. Hunger rears its ugly head in the midst of plenty. Urban centers have become the gathering places of the mobs, the discontented, the rabble. The history of the Gracchi of Rome shows interesting parallels to present-day America, present-day England, or present-day Germany. Conditions as they existed at that remote time appear surprisingly modern.

There may be no causal relation between the decline of agriculture and the possible disintegration of present-day civilization; but there are forces at work today in the body economic and social which strangely resemble the forces that have wrought destruction in the past. If Willis Wissler is right that "the old ways so dear to the heart of the days of our childhood go down before the crisp challenge of the machine and the ledger sheet," then, as I see it, there is little hope for the civilization which our forefathers established and which we are expected to carry on.

Western civilization near the center of which stand the United States is becoming soft, flabby, pudgy. The white man who has created this civilization is probably deteriorating; he is losing the vigor which continuous contacts with raw nature always develop; he is depending too much on mechanical power and too little on himself; while he lives longer he is not necessarily growing stronger. Like the peoples of the past who allowed themselves to grow soft he is exposing himself to ready conquest by more virile races living closer to the earth. The rising tide of color about which Lothrop Stoddard wrote so hysterically during the past decade may become a reality in the next hundred or two hundred years, since in particular both the yellow man and the black man are increasing more rapidly than the white man and since in general the yellow man is stirring so ominously at present in so many quarters of the globe. Apparently George Bernard Shaw leans to this view when, in his book entitled *The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God*, he has the ethnologist in the

Caravan of the Curious which the black girl meets in her quest to say: "The next great civilization will be a black civilization. The white man is played out. He knows it, too, and is committing suicide as fast as he can."

III

Other direct causes for the decline of agriculture which the white man apparently understands but about which he has done, or has been able to do, little or nothing, are three in number. In the first place, agriculture has developed the capacity to produce more than can be consumed. It possesses the power to supply products far in excess of the demand. This is due to the output arising from the use of marginal and sub-marginal lands. Marginal lands are lands which yield returns barely sufficient to cover the costs of production. Sub-marginal lands are lands which produce results below the costs of production. Neither of these types of land should be cultivated; they should be devoted to forestry or to other purposes. If they were withdrawn from cultivation altogether, as they are scheduled to be under the program of Secretary Wallace, production would tend to coincide with consumption and a way would be opened for balancing agrarian with industrial modes of living.

In the second place, agriculture is afflicted with uneconomic methods of marketing. While much headway has been made in recent years in merchandising agricultural commodities, the problem of moving farm products from points where there is an abundance to points where there is a scarcity is still largely unsolved. Too large a share of the prices paid by the ultimate consumer attaches itself to the channels of distribution. If efficient coöperative or other types of marketing could be devised and put into effect a larger net income would accrue to the farmer and agriculture might afford standards of living more nearly the equal to those of other economic pursuits.

In the third place, agriculture has, and probably always will have, high unit costs of production. These costs have

remained high in spite of increased use of machinery and other improved methods of cultivation. Even when large areas have been brought under one management, costs per unit of output have not decreased in the same way they have decreased under large-scale manufacturing. Agriculture is subject to the law of diminishing returns. After a certain point is reached in the utilization of land, increasing applications of labor and capital will yield progressively smaller increases in product. This means that agriculture is an industry of increasing rather than decreasing costs and that the industrialization of agriculture offers little prospect of reducing cost per unit of increased output due to increased size of farm enterprises; nor does it offer any hope of restoring agriculture permanently to its original position.

IV

The problem which faces agriculture is, as I see it, not a temporary problem to be solved by temporary measures; it is a problem which goes to the very foundations of our national existence. What we need to do in approaching it is to get at basic causes, to understand principles, to resort to actions looking toward long-run ends. Consequently, I shall not attempt to present specific measures calculated to elevate agricultural price levels, to take care of farm surpluses, or to bring immediate agricultural relief of any kind. I shall attempt to go a bit deeper and suggest possible ways of restoring agriculture which it may take many decades to put into effect.

The first possible way of restoring agriculture is to revive the national psychology which has characterized the American people in the past. We need legislation not only to provide temporary relief but also to direct national character. We must produce a new generation of people who respect the arts of agrarianism as well as the arts of industrialism, who believe in the dignity of labor as well as the dignity of leisure, and who accept the challenge of the farm as well as the challenge of the factory. We must restore confidence in the sterner virtues which actuated our forefathers

to conquer a new world. Agrarian discontent must be removed by once more elevating the cultivation of the soil above, or at least to a level with, other occupations.

The second possible way of reviving agriculture is to apply the modified processes of industrialism to agricultural production. Unmodified industrialism would mean corporate landlords, large-scale capital, long-range management and agricultural wage earners—a million-dollar corporation, as some one has pointed out, directing a thousand workers to produce one crop instead of a thousand workers producing many crops. While I have respect for industrialism and while industrialism has conferred a multitude of benefits on modern man both in the country and in the city, I do not believe that complete industrialization of the farm will restore agriculture to its former position of prestige nor solve the agrarian problems of present-day industrial civilization. Unless industrialism can be modified and its methods applied to agriculture so that we will continue to have landowning farmers and families closely tied to the soil and motivated by the pride and power of the earth's ownership, industrialization of the farm will not arrest possible national decay. By all means let us have everything new which industrialism has to offer to agriculture, but let us also by all means preserve everything old which agriculture has to offer to industrialism.

The third possible way of rehabilitating agriculture is to combine for the farm the best elements of the city with the best elements of the country. The city needs the country and the country needs the city. Certain features of city culture should be available for the country and certain features of country culture should be available for the city. The American people can not continue to exist with an ascending urban order and a descending rural order. We must devise measures to relieve the country of its drudgery, its narrow outlook on life, its feeling of inferiority. We must also devise measures to relieve the city of its oft-twisted attitude toward the country, its lack of appreciation concerning the part which the country has played in the city's ascendancy, its

feeling of superiority. The country must again assume a central position in our national culture. If it does not do so, that culture, like all other national cultures in the past, may possibly disappear.

The fourth possible way of restoring agriculture is to adjust the facilities of production to the demands of consumption. This requires comprehensive agricultural planning. Competition among farmers has run amuck. Uncontrolled output means continued disaster. The farm problem is not a problem of individual action; it is a problem of collective action; it is not a problem of politics; it is a problem of economics. The farm problem is a problem of vital concern not only to those who directly produce farm products but also to those who produce manufactured goods and who function in other realms of industrial society. Unbalanced agriculture indicates an unbalanced economic system, a maladjusted society, and unstable civilization.

To cure the ills of agriculture more than mere expedients of two or three hypodermic injections are necessary. The farmer is sick; his case is serious. To provide him permanent relief scientific diagnosis followed by a scientific prescription is required. Home remedies will not do. "Industrial civilization [including agriculture, I may add]," says Charles A. Beard, "can not operate on chance and emotion. It must have at its command facts, the laws of physics and chemistry, all possible information respecting machines, operations, costs, materials, and markets. In a stern imperative it commands all who would serve it or survive in it to get pertinent facts, make calculations, plan to distinct ends, and construct to purpose." The farm no more than the factory can continue to operate upon the basis of rule of thumb. Scientific planning on a national scale is imperative if agriculture is to survive. Unless the arts of agriculture are brought into balance with the arts of industrialism and kept in balance, the future of American civilization, I fear, is very uncertain.

MAXIM GORKY

CLARENCE A. MANNING

EVERYONE is familiar with Rodin's Thinker, but at the first sight of it we are apt to be very much surprised. Here is no scholar with his face covered by the light of thought. Here is no intellectual with his physical development sacrificed to his mental tastes. The gnarled and knotted muscles, the powerful physique, all speak of the savage, the animal. The man is serious, but his thought is muscular rather than mental. He is just learning to concentrate. He is just beginning to fan the spark of intellectual activity. In a word he is thinking, but he is capturing thought as he would a wild animal.

The statue reminds us of Maxim Gorky, Maxim the Bitter, as he called himself. [Here is a man who has risen from the depths, who is familiar with all the sufferings and hardships that life can offer, and who has overcome those difficulties to make a name for himself in Russian literature. Yet the mark of those early struggles is branded indelibly on every page; it explains the influence which he has had upon the literature of his day and on the fate of his literary associates. Gorky stands eternally at the crossroads. He shows us the horrible conditions of the world from which he has come. He makes clear the futility of those classes toward which he is moving, and yet there is in him a love for that weakness and that luxury, that better life, to which he is in theory opposed.

Aleksyey Pyeshkov, to give him his real name, was born in Nizhny Novgorod on the Volga River in 1868. His grandfather was a nineteenth-century edition of the *Domostroy*, the stern old Russian guide to life of the sixteenth century, when affection was expressed by blows and tradition took the place of feeling. He was a small trader, but his rough and harsh manner prevented him from appreciating the needs of the day, and he was steadily being driven down the ladder of suc-

cess. As he yielded step by step, his anger grew at all around him and he became more and more devoted to those ideas which were the cause of his undoing. He was the absolute autocrat in all his relations with his family, and under his iron rule love and kindness were lost in the performance of custom. Gorky, in *My Childhood*, has given an interesting account of the contrast between his formal and rigid religion and the more human and trusting faith of his grandmother, an accursed Chuvash, as his grandfather called her in his wrath.

Gorky's father died when he was very young, and the boy scarcely remembered him. His mother married again but with no better fortune. Gorky remembered how he once returned from school and found her down on the floor with his stepfather kicking her and how he drew a knife in her defense.

The boy grew amid such scenes of family discord. Beatings and brutality were the order of the day. Filth and squalor, deprivation and want were on every side, and no one sought anything but the unattainable—a comfortable living. Aleksyey learned to read in a little school kept by a priest, but his dislike for the clergy was already taking root. He acquired an appreciation of literature from a drunken cook on a Volga steamboat at Kazan. He wanted to study, but his real university was life itself, and, as he was later to declare, the wisdom of life is always wiser and deeper than the wisdom of people. He worked in a bakery; he tramped Russia as a bosiak or unskilled laborer. He dabbled and more than dabbled in revolutionary intrigue.

Throughout it all we get a consistent picture of the boy and young man. Strong, industrious, independent, proud, desirous of learning, filled with high ideals and an unyielding belief in the good and the pure, he made his way through life. He felt that material well-being ought to render easier the securing of the good life, and yet he knew perfectly well that corruption and vice were perhaps less crude and less open in

those circles to which he aspired but that they were not less widespread.

He met and admired the intellectuals, but he also realized their defects. They talked and did not act. They lived unhealthy lives, and were lacking in that physical strength which was his in abundance. He contrasted the unhealthy orgies of these groups with the frank animalism of the peasants and he preferred the latter. Yet there was something in those intellectuals which he was seeking to imitate, and he would gladly have made himself one of them.

Frank cynicism and almost animal selfishness appear in his early stories. In the first of these, Makar Chudra, the old gypsy, sums up his philosophy as follows: "That's what you need; wander and look, and when you've looked enough, lie down and die,—that's all! Life? Other people? . . . What do they matter? Aren't you life? Other people are living without you and they will live on without you. Do you think any one needs you? You're not bread and you're not a stick, and so no one needs you. Study and learn you say? Can you learn enough to make people happy? No, you can't. You'll grow gray first and you say, you need to teach. Teach what? Every one knows what he needs. Those who are wiser take what there is, those who are stupider, get nothing, but everyone teaches himself. Comical people, yours are. They gather in groups and choke one another, and there's so much room on the earth,—he waved his hand over the steppes—And they work all the time. Why? For whom? No one knows. You see a man ploughing and you think: drop by drop with his sweat he is wasting away his strength into the earth, and then he will lie down and rot in it. Nothing will be left to him; he will see nothing but his field, and he dies as he was born, a fool."

Such writing was new to Russian literature. The general mood in the nineties had been that of Chekhov whose gentle characters felt bitterly the pathos and the tragedy of civilization, of privilege, of everything that separated man from his fellows. Now Gorky had placed himself in opposition to

this mood of pessimism and of failure. He glorified the outcast, the unsocial individual, the semi-criminal, and the bosyak (the wandering laborer). His heroes drank harder, loved harder, fought harder than the average run of men, but at all events they did accept the primeval law of the jungle—to him that hath shall be given.

The stories of Gorky became famous, for they not only protested against the evils of the present order, but they showed an outlet through active and violent revolt rather than through gentle and idealistic opposition. They stirred the depths of society and at the same time they brought Gorky nearer to the man who was later to be the moving spirit of the Russian Revolution, Nikolay Lenin.

At this early time the structure of Gorky's stories was very simple. They are little pieces of dialogue with only two or three characters, but these characters (or at least one of them) are of outstanding physical and natural powers. There is Old Woman Izergil who in her youth thought nothing of working all day from sunrise to sunset and then of running twenty versts to meet her lover. There is the ridiculous prince-ling in "My Traveling Companion" who is thoroughly helpless and yet who always succeeds in having his own way and in making his friend work for him. There is the proud and fearless smuggler, Chelkash, who uses and despises the timorous, shrinking, greedy peasant.

All these and many other tales had made Gorky prominent and had given him a certain standing in the revolutionary movement as well as in the field of letters. As a result, when he was elected in 1902 a member of the Russian Academy, his election was vetoed by the government on the ground of his personal unreliability. Yet these stories which show Gorky's readiness to identify himself and his cause with the lowest classes of the Russian people are themselves an indictment of the folk. Gorky never hesitates to paint them in the blackest of colors. He shows their brutality, their savagery, and their defects, and no one has ever laid the colors on more thickly than has Maxim Gorky.

But Gorky had his yearnings to be an intellectual and to lead his countrymen to that haven which he knew did not exist. His ideal was to be one of those intellectuals whom he had pilloried so unmercifully. This required work and study and effort. It resulted in long novels, but these added little to his reputation. In the stories of which we may take "Foma Gordyeyev" and "Three of Them" as examples, Gorky tries to do more than narrate. He tries to reason. Ilya in "Three of Them" understands perfectly well that that sweetness and purity for which his soul craves is but a little above and in front of him. To achieve it, he kills and steals, but with his every step he finds that the ideal is just as far ahead. So in "Foma Gordyeyev," the pages that live are those in which Gorky describes the vivid, but erratic, trader who makes millions along the Volga River and not those in which his good, but untrained, son finds difficulties on every hand.

It was at this period when Gorky was striving to attain the leadership of part of the intelligentsia and also to picture their weaknesses and failures, that he produced his most famous play, *The Lower Depths*. Stanislavsky accepted it for the Moscow Art Theater, and the skilful production which it received made its success. From Russia the drama went to Berlin and so around the world. Yet it is one of the most absurd things that Gorky ever did. Here in a cheap lodging house a group of drunkards and prostitutes amid debauchery and crime discuss their thirst for God, their dream of a newer and a happier life, a life for which none of them are striving, for which not one would sacrifice a glass of vodka or fail to cut a throat. It is a sordid and depressing picture with little dramatic action, but the outside world accepted it as "so Russian" and its success was won.

A more conventional performance was *Mother*. The story tells how a dear old lady objects to the participation of her son in the revolutionary movement. He is finally arrested and ill-treated by the police, and this so shocks her sense of justice that she enlists herself in the great cause. She, too, suffers and wins the sympathy of the readers for the cause of

the revolution. Such a theme is always effective. Human beings are always sentimental, and the picture of a sweet old lady in trouble with the police will always bring sympathy to her side, and no one will ever ask whether she suffered justly or not.

After the Revolution of 1905 Gorky went abroad. He paid a visit to the United States and met with rebuff after rebuff. It was discovered that he was traveling with a lady to whom he was not married, and his trip was spoiled. Mark Twain among American literary men refused to receive him. President Roosevelt delivered a scathing indictment of him as an example of the continental revolutionist who rebelled not so much against the abuses of government as against government and order itself. For his part Gorky saw in America exactly those qualities of evil and of hypocrisy that his critics found in him. He visited Coney Island and gave flaming pictures of the evil that lay hid beneath a mask of virtue, and he drew a picture of New York which shows the city as one mass of sin and evil and unhappiness and oppression and tyranny.

On his return to Europe he spent most of the next decade on the Island of Capri. His popularity in Russia diminished except among his friends in the Bolshevik party, and to all appearances his day was gone. He continued to write, but in nearly all of the works of this period there is the same mixture of yearning and of denial, the same tendency to strive for leadership, and the same recognition that the goal was not worthwhile.

Yet Gorky's career was not so easily finished. In 1913 he published the first volume of his autobiography, *My Childhood*, and he later followed this with two other parts, *Among People* and *My Universities*. We have mentioned earlier the material which these books give. They are a purely objective work in which the author scarcely describes his own feelings or his own reactions to any of the situations in which he finds himself. He deals with the people around him and with the same matchless skill which he always showed, he made clear the terrible character of the life through which he had passed.

Coldly and impartially he sets out with brutal frankness the unmoral existence of the people around him. He does not spare a single detail of depravity or of filth, while he points out the kindness and the aid which he had received on his travels. The series is in reality a guide to the underworld written from first-hand information. Throughout it all Gorky does not try to picture himself as a saint, nor does he endeavor to become the villain of the work. He merely states what he has seen and he leaves it to others to agree or not. The three books bear out well the definition of Dostoyevsky, "Man is an animal that can accustom himself to everything." Gorky experienced everything, and yet it seems to have had less effect upon him than we might think.

Back in Russia during the World War Gorky became a definite defeatist. His opposition to the Imperial Government was so intense that he welcomed the defeat of his country as a means of bringing the Revolution nearer. When that storm broke, he was again one of the first men who looked at it without prejudice or weakness. He knew that revolution in Russia would not be a pleasant thing, that the new government would have difficulty in maintaining order. He knew that a tide of passions would be set loose which would do great damage and yet he felt that it would be worth the price. Although he was not formally connected with the Bolsheviks, he welcomed the October Revolution as a necessary part of the revolutionary movement, and unlike many of the authors he did not shrink from the consequences of his faith.

It made little or no difference to him if excesses occurred. * Of course they did. What more could you expect of his heroes, once they were set free to act as they would? In his journalistic articles he frankly described the brutality of the peasantry and of the workmen. He did not deceive himself by thinking that all bad stories were exaggerated and slanders against a good and kind people. He remembered his own boyhood too well to have that belief. At the time when most of the critics were trying to palliate conditions, Gorky was almost glorying in them.

Yet Gorky was not a simple character. The revolution had set loose a storm against Russian culture. The people in their blind fury were perfectly willing to destroy or starve all the literary men of the land, the artists, and the scholars. Gorky's reputation was such that he was able to interfere and to make conditions somewhat more tolerable for these men. He realized that the destruction of Russian culture and the wiping out of an entire generation of artists and of writers would be the most severe blow that could be given to the nation. He understood that the needless destruction of works of art was a real blow to the coming domination of the people, even at the time when they regarded such things with aversion. So Gorky set himself to save what was left of civilization. He found all kinds of pretexts for giving work to the authors who remained alive in Russia. He prepared editions of classic works so that they could edit them and live. He secured additional food for them from the Soviet authorities. He worked unceasingly to save the libraries and museums from destruction. It is not too much to say that it is to him that the Russia of the future must owe its knowledge of its own past and the preservation of its national heritage. This does not mean that there were no scandals and abuses. Gorky was accused of manipulating the contracts so that the authors could never receive anything more from their works, and it was quite evident that he had coöperated actively in bringing about this chaos, but yet he struggled hard to save something out of the wreck.

With the stabilizing of the situation Gorky's health failed, and in 1922 he went abroad again. In 1928 he visited the Soviet Union on his sixtieth birthday, amid general excitement and congratulation and amid tributes from all parts of the world.

He then returned to writing, but again the inspiration has rather faded. We have the brilliant studies of Leo Tolstoy, almost the only work where a man looked at Tolstoy and admired him, without trying to imitate him or please him. He wrote some shorter things and then he began to publish a

work, *The Life of Klim Samgin*, in several volumes (appearing in English with a different title for each volume). It is an attempt to cover the history of the last half century as Gorky had seen it and to put the whole in novel form. The book is good and interesting, but it has the defects of its qualities. The hero is relatively passive, and the story turns back the light on the pre-war period. Here Gorky tries to read into the past the modern theories of sex and of life. His hero is as passive as are any of Turgenev's. The book is already on its way to be a classic which is admired but not read. On the other hand the praises of the book abroad have been enormous, but this is undoubtedly due to the belief that Gorky is perfect rather than to the unbiased judgment of the world on his works. Its real value is the information which he is giving on the underground history of the Russian revolutionary movements with which he was so familiar.

At first sight all this seems a mass of contradiction. There really is none, for Gorky combines the two sides of life. Of course he encourages the work of revolution and of destruction. That is the manifest destiny of the bosiak, the outlaw, the workman, the man who knows no authority save the rule of brute force. But Gorky is also the thinker, the student who is seeking somehow to conserve and to build up the national culture and who is seeking to have a share of that culture which is now being destroyed.

So with his characters. They live. They love. They fight. They commit cruelty and torture unprecedented. They are animals, living without mercy or authority, and now some of the Soviet critics have even tried to condemn Gorky for his denunciation of the peasant as being ever too individualistic and too stupid to learn. There is no God, and since that makes man the supreme power in the universe, we become gods, and our word cannot be questioned. Yet all of his characters, like those of the intelligentsia, are yearning and struggling for sweetness and light. They want to join the intelligentsia which they despise. They want to play a rôle on the stage which they are already abolishing.

It is at such moments that Gorky is least successful. When he deals with the life of his imagination or looks back and draws a motif from his early past, he is a powerful and unequalled writer. Yet he yearns to be something more than a narrator of his past experiences and he looks forward only to fall. Now at all events Gorky belongs to the past. He is of the pre-war and pre-revolutionary generation. His interests and his style of writing all date from that former age, and there is something almost pathetic in his efforts to fit together the new life and the old ideas.

Perhaps Gorky still thinks that his chief works are those in which he has an excellent moral, in which he is sympathizing more or less actively with the reforming groups. Criticism in the long run will take the other road and see the greatness of Gorky revealed in his early stories and his autobiography. The dualism here mentioned has always been Gorky and it will almost certainly always remain.

The two threads of excellent narration and of boring prophecy are constantly interwoven, and perhaps Gorky may find again a theme other than Klim Samgin in which he can give free rein to his powers of adventure. Probably it will not happen, and the standing of Gorky in the future will depend upon the evaluation of his actions during the revolution and the appreciation of the hardships which he overcame to reach his present position and the simplicity and sincerity in which he describes those inconceivable adventures, associates, and fate. That dualism, that problem sharply separates Gorky from most other writers of the present day, and it assures him a unique place in the great field of Russian literature.

CHILD LABOR PROVISIONS IN THE CODES

A. J. NICHOL

THE NATIONAL RECOVERY ACT itself does not mention child labor. Yet nothing short of the passage of the Child Labor Amendment is likely to affect boys and girls of the working classes more profoundly than the codes of fair competition drawn up under the Act. A year ago the disputes arising during the hearings on the cotton textile code were considerably softened by the voluntary agreement of employers in the industry not to hire minors under sixteen. Since that time over four hundred and fifty codes have been adopted. Without exception they place restrictions on the employment of younger workers. A few codes fail to live fully up to the precedent set by the cotton mills. An imposing majority go further. Thus apparently important problems of child life in America are temporarily solved or nearly solved, and new problems take the place of old ones.

Thirty codes were approved by the National Recovery Administration in the months of July, August, and September, 1933. Twenty-two industries followed precisely the example of the cotton mills, forbidding employment of children under sixteen without further word on the subject, except that in September it became customary to add a clause obviating any possible conflict with any state law which might prescribe a still higher minimum age limit. The legitimate theater code, approved in midsummer, differs only slightly in its child labor provisions from most other codes passed at the time. In general it also prohibits the employment of minors under sixteen; but, as might be expected, permits younger children to appear as actors when needed—"with the consent of the proper governmental authorities." The six other NRA codes adopted in the first three months imposed higher age limits than sixteen on particular forms of employment. The coat and suit industry agreed not to employ any person under eighteen in manufacturing, and otherwise no one under six-

teen. The lumber and timber products industry fixed its general minimum age limit at eighteen, subject to only two exceptions: (1) boys of sixteen and seventeen may be employed in non-hazardous occupations during school vacations and (2) boys of sixteen and seventeen may be given permanent employment in case there are no older breadwinners in their respective families. The salt-producing code prohibits child labor under sixteen with the further stipulation that no one under twenty-one shall work underground. The cast iron soil pipe industry and the gasoline pump manufacturing industry adhere to general age limits of sixteen; but the former also forbids anyone under eighteen to be employed "in foundry operations which might be termed hazardous," and the latter forbids anyone under eighteen to work on, or in connection with, metal-working machines. The bituminous coal code forbids the employment of any person under seventeen inside the mines or in hazardous occupations outside, and for other jobs in the industry sets the age limit at sixteen.

The codes just mentioned, though in an initial minority, established a new precedent, the general spirit of which has been followed with few exceptions in codes adopted since the latter part of October. Thus at the present time the great majority of codes not only forbid the employment of minors under sixteen, but also restrict to some degree at least the employment of persons under eighteen in dangerous or unhealthful occupations. To this general rule, however, there are some outstanding exceptions, most of them uncorrected results of the first few months of code-making. For example, the ship-building industry, the electrical manufacturing industry, the iron and steel industry, the petroleum industry, and the automobile industry have failed as yet to make any specific provisions in their codes for the safety of their younger workers.

The Legal Advisory Board of the National Recovery Administration drew up an outline of a model code the first of October. It reads in part as follows: "No person under . . . years of age shall be employed in the trade/industry, nor

anyone under . . . years of age at operations or occupations hazardous in nature or detrimental to health."

In the first blank above most codes have inserted "sixteen"; and in the second, "eighteen." The first industry to adopt the exact phrasing of this clause was the textile machinery manufacturing industry in its code approved on October 3, 1933. Adoption of the clause became general in codes approved the first of November and thereafter. In several cases, instead of following the general terms of the model code, individual industries continued to name specifically certain prohibited occupations or certain allowable occupations for younger employees. This procedure had been followed, as already noted, in six of the early codes. The can manufacturers' code, as a further example, forbids anyone under eighteen to be employed on stamping, punching, and blanking presses on which material is fed directly to the dies by hand, or in tinning and hot-galvanizing operations. The copper and brass mill code limits employees of sixteen and seventeen to messenger service, and clerical or laboratory work. Of four hundred and fifty-seven codes approved by the NRA, forty-six altogether contain specific provisions of this nature.

The adoption by a large number of industries of the more general child labor clause proposed by the Administration did not prove at first altogether satisfactory. It was easy for employers to pay lip service to this provision without reading into it any definite meaning. The model code was therefore amended to require within a specified time the submission of a list of hazardous and unhealthful occupations in which younger employees might not engage. This additional requirement began to be embodied in approved codes about the middle of last November. At the present writing approximately three hundred industrial groups, following the child labor clause of the model code, have agreed not to employ children under sixteen at all and not to employ young people under eighteen in occupations "hazardous by nature or detrimental to health." More than three-fourths of the three hundred codes in question also require the submission of lists of

such occupations to the Administrator. In practically all such cases definite periods of time have been set for the preparation of the lists. In most cases the time has already expired.

While the Administration is thus engaged in promoting the safety of industrial workers just over sixteen, it also must contend with the problem of part-time employment of children under sixteen. The President's Reemployment Agreement (the original blanket code) permitted the employment of youngsters of fourteen and fifteen for not more than three hours a day between 7 A.M. and 7 P.M. as long as the work was not in manufacturing or mechanical departments, and did not interfere with day school. Many industries are still operating under adaptations of the blanket code, but only eight of four hundred and fifty-seven NRA codes approved for individual industries or groups of industries retain part-time job provisions. The outstanding exceptions in this respect are naturally retail stores and newspapers. The general retail code, adopted on October 21, permits children of fourteen and fifteen to be employed three hours a day, six days a week, or one eight-hour day a week—between 7 A.M. and 7 P.M.—provided there is no conflict with day school. No one under sixteen, however, is to be employed in delivering merchandise from motor vehicles. For regular full-time employment in the retail trade sixteen is the minimum-age limit. Separate codes for retail farm equipment, food and grocery stores, and jewelry shops contain these same provisions. The code for building and loan associations also has a briefer provision of the same general nature.

The most troublesome child labor problem under the NRA has been the newsboy. President Roosevelt officially approved the newspaper code on February 17, 1934, but he expressed his dissatisfaction with its child labor provisions and ordered a further report on this subject in sixty days. Previous disputes on this very matter were principally responsible for the long delay in the adoption of a newspaper code. As adopted, the code puts no limitation on the delivery of papers by younger boys, except the general qualification "those who

are able, without impairment of health or interference with hours of day school." Street sale of papers by younger employees of the publishers is prohibited between the hours of 7 P.M. and 7 A.M. from October 1 to March 31, and between 8 P.M. and 7 A.M. the remainder of the year. At the present writing no amendments to these provisions have been made, nor has any report on the subject been made public. It seems that the Administration in this case has lost by default.

The newspaper code of February 17 permits boys of fourteen and fifteen in other part-time jobs for a maximum of three hours a day, but not in manufacturing or mechanical departments. This last provision is also included in the paper distributing code and the so-called graphic arts code (for printing and publishing concerns).

Provisions regarding child actors in the legitimate theater code have already been mentioned. The motion picture code also permits the use of child actors in its productions, and in minor rôles in stage shows accompanying the exhibition of pictures—subject in all cases to State laws. The radio broadcasting code permits children under sixteen to be used as talent on programs for not more than three hours a day provided there is no conflict with day school. In all other cases, theaters, motion picture producers, distributors and exhibitors, and radio broadcasting companies are forbidden to employ anyone under sixteen. By way of contrast twelve other codes set an absolute age limit of eighteen.

A rough summary of the child labor provisions of four hundred and fifty-seven codes approved under the NRA is presented in the appended table. The motivating forces behind these changes have not all arisen out of regard for the children or young people. Bluntly stated, the fact is that our youngest workers have been taken out of industry to make a little more room for adults. The burden falls principally on our neglected public schools.

SUMMARY TABLE OF CHILD LABOR PROVISIONS
IN 457 NRA CODES

<i>Partial list of industries</i>	<i>Age limits</i>	<i>Number of Codes</i>
Legitimate theaters Motion picture industry Radio broadcasting Daily newspapers	No lower age limit at all in certain forms of employment.	4
Retail trade Retail farm equipment Retail grocery trade Retail jewelry trade Building and loan associations Paper distributing trade Graphic arts industries	14 years part time. 16 years full time.	7
Cotton textile industry Shipbuilding Electrical manufacturing Iron and steel industry Petroleum industry Automobile manufacturing Boot and shoe manufacturing Fishing industry 72 others	16 years general.	80
Air transport industry Can manufacturing Construction industry Fabricated metal products Furniture manufacturing Textile machinery 339 others	16 years general. 18 years in dangerous occupations.	345
Bituminous coal industry	17 years in the mines and in other dangerous employment. 16 years otherwise.	1
Fur dressing and dyeing	16 years general. 20 years in dangerous occupations.	1
Bedding manufacturing Motor bus transportation Salt production	16 years general. 21 years in dangerous occupations.	3
Storage and moving vans	18 years general, drivers 21, office boys 16.	1
Cleaning and dyeing Laundry trade Rug chemical processing	17 years general.	3
Concrete masonry Concrete pipe manufacturing Wrecking and salvage industry Coal dock industry 8 others	18 years general.	12
	Total	457

COUSIN CHARLEY'S MILL

CLARENCE E. CASON

UNIVERSAL condemnation of the machine and all the appurtenances thereof has become the fashion of the day. Adverse critics of the Industrial Revolution have established a point of contact with the popular mind. As a result of the massed force of protest, there is just now an imminent danger that judgments relating to industrialism may rely less upon justice and discrimination than upon the blind compulsion of a mob rebellion. Especially in the South, academic criticism of the machine has assumed that industry is to be thought of solely in terms of exploitation and intrusion. Wide use during the boom days of such slogans as "cheap Anglo-Saxon labor and unlimited natural resources" undoubtedly has given a certain credibility to such a point of view, and the current world depression has naturally made the factory a symbol of economic distress. Yet complete repudiation of industry in the South is by no means justified. The areas below the Potomac are dotted with factory projects which are thoroughly native in ownership and management; closely integrated with the regional economy, the best of them have contributed enormously to southern welfare. It is with such a type of Southern industry that Cousin Charley is identified. Especially at this moment of clamorous excitement, the traits of character which he represents and the nature of his industrial undertakings demand a conspicuous place in the record.

I

A composite of four individuals of the same family, Cousin Charley is nonetheless a substantial entity. While the persons from whom he is formulated may have rather different complexions, hobbies, places of residence, and tastes in salad dressing, they are all the same at heart. Cousin Charley is a cotton mill owner. He might even be called a magnate. In fact, he owns more mills than anybody else in one of the most

industrialized of the Southern states, and that fact alone establishes him as not unworthy of serious biography in this untutored day of yardstick evaluations.

Yet, Cousin Charley's claim to renown does not rest mainly upon the triumphant upward surges of the profit curves on his business graphs. It is not to be expressed in index figures. Upon the walls of his office there are no framed proofs of his glory in terms of red and black lines jogging crazily over purple and green backgrounds. Instead, on the wall of Cousin Charley's office hangs a picture of his father. The strong gray eyes, the well-defined nose and chin, and the smooth wide forehead have been preserved in life by Cousin Charley. I must state promptly that Cousin Charley is not really my cousin at all, though I should be proud if he were.

Reading of William Gregg and his Graniteville Mill in the South Carolina of the 1850's, one cannot escape the suspicion that this "factory master of the Old South" possessed a social philosophy which faintly perfumed an avid talent for personal aggrandizement. On occasion he protested with an almost puritan sanctimony against the Charleston ordinance which prohibited the use of steam engines in that city. Commenting upon the twelve- or fourteen-hour day enforced by the New England mill owners of the 1840's, James Truslow Adams has quoted their hypocritical contention that "the morals of the operatives will necessarily suffer if longer absent from the wholesome discipline of factory life." While the sincerity of Gregg was never so utterly lacking as that, some of his expressed attitudes lend pertinence to Broadus Mitchell's reminder that the names "Gregg" and "MacGregor" are the same in reality. Suffice it to say that Gregg's concern for the industrial prosperity of South Carolina, of which he was not a native either by birth or temperament, was colored quite humanly by his own prudential expectations.

As a factory master of the modern South, Cousin Charley has not turned his spindles unprofitably. Yet there are two important respects in which he differs from William Gregg. His immediate family had been accustomed to a fairly satis-

factory amount of wealth for several generations. Money produced no sudden hysteria in him; he had seen it before. It had been assimilated into the pattern of his life. He was no Chicago real estate dealer thrown into frenzied ecstasy at the prospect of a two-car garage and a man servant in brass buttons. Cousin Charley is what might be called a Bourbon in a mild and unassuming way. In the second place, he is to the marrow a native of his state. He knows its black cotton lands, its cool beaches along the Gulf of Mexico, its red iron earth toward the north, and its statuesque pines reaching for the banks of shining clouds afloat in the infinitely blue skies of summer.

When high political office signified the confidence of reputable citizens, rather than a kind of medicine-show shrewdness in barnstorming the backwoods, Cousin Charley's father was governor. It was the governor who set up a cotton mill on the outskirts of a coal and iron center which was to become the largest city in the state. In 1897 this cotton factory was begun as a civic enterprise to give employment to the hundreds of surplus workers who were flocking in from tenant farm and hillside to seek a better life in the mines and blast furnaces. Under the governor's leadership members of his family shifted their interests from Black Belt plantations to factory towns; but their essential characteristics did not change. Cousin Charley therefore inherited spindles instead of furrows; white mill hands instead of Negro farm laborers; instead of concluding his interest in cotton after it had been carried from seed to bale, he found himself under the necessity of attacking a new set of decidedly more complex and unfamiliar processes. At the mills he broke the steel girdles on the bales in order to send the flaky white fibers into contact with the machine.

II

The problems which he faced taxed Cousin Charley's ingenuity from the outset. Lack of machine consciousness in the South, the absence of technically skilled workmen, bewilderingly complicated systems of banking and accounting,

scarcity of capital funds in the South, the stiff competition with established mills in Massachusetts and Connecticut, inadequate railroad transportation and lack of facilities for export from Southern ports, the absence of an experienced marketing organization—all these vexed Cousin Charley. He suffered from all the obstacles which beset the other native captains of Southern industry, those tribulations which have been accurately described by Claudius Murchison. Yet he not only survived but also was able to expand his interests until ten or twelve successful mills in various parts of the state came to be under his management. It was not necessary for all the members of the governor's family to flee from the decreasing agricultural profits in the overworked Black Belt. Mills were procured or built near the old plantation sites, and members of the family, like Cousin Charley himself, gradually transferred their business activities from the soil to the machine.

But it is vitally significant that they had all previously been identified with the soil and with graceful and kindly living on Southern plantations. Their social points of view, their humanitarian policies toward labor, the emphasis upon living rather than livelihood, the motivating desire to be, to conserve, to remain—rather than to become, to acquire, to change—were derivatives of their former way of life. These were fixed and stable within them; they were not to be altered by a mere shift in the economic method of gaining an income. The economic motive was distinctly secondary to other considerations. Such a conception would be totally incomprehensible to a disagreeably large proportion of the American people at this moment. I fear that representative citizens of Detroit and Los Angeles would consider Cousin Charley just a little insane, and might wonder also whether a very scientific psychoanalyst should not be sent after anyone who would write about him in a tone of unmitigated respect. Be that as it may, I suspect that Cousin Charley would bear me out in what I have said about him; and should he be too polite to

subscribe wholly in so many words, I am certain that he would hold with me at heart.

If another somewhat personal digression is permitted me, I think I must confess to a more or less habitual disinterest in mills as such. For two years in Minneapolis I passed every day close by a huge sign which read "The World's Largest Flour Mill Two Blocks to the Left." But I never traversed those two blocks. It seemed much more to the point to avoid the mill carefully enough to obtain a full view of a beautiful old stone bridge with gracefully formed curves arching over the Mississippi River. The mill was no more than a gigantic grinding contraption. What human beings there were in it must have done nothing but walk about with oil cans and monkey wrenches to see that the monster had no aches and pains along with the intricate contortions of its great munching process. Surely the people could not have thought of anything beyond shorter hours and higher wages. As for its belching, screaming, and coughing of dust and grime, certainly there was no good reason why anyone should care to gain a closer proximity than two blocks to those revolting signs of organic distress. There was, however, a constant line of visitors to the flour mill. Undoubtedly, being mostly Middle Westerners, they wished to do all reverence to anything that was "the largest in the world." But I am sure that my desire to inspect Cousin Charley's mill did not spring so much from the sheer magnitude of his industrial plant as from the presence there of Cousin Charley himself.

III

A decade before he became a factory magnate he was a senior in the state university when I was a freshman. His physics class met in a cavernous auditorium at eight o'clock in the morning. Unless I greatly err I was among the freshmen designated by him to occupy his seat by turn, and to say firmly, "Not prepared, Sir," in case he should be asked a question by the professor after the roll had been established. But perhaps it was not Cousin Charley at all who utilized this

efficient device; the story even may have been told me by another freshman in that hazy irresponsible past. At any rate, I went to college from a small town during the urbanization rage which burned so hotly twenty years ago; consequently, I admired the cosmopolitan air of Cousin Charley, bought neckties striped after his fashion, and turned the brim of my hat up in front like his. Those were about our only relationships, except that we called each other by our first names, as everyone did before college education became "democratic," and that I once assisted in dropping a ten-pound sack of water upon him as he was singing an abysmal bass in the barracks alfresco quartet, for which I was suitably penalized by him with an oak bed-slat. Mindful of these former associations, it was a delight to me last spring to join a party on an inspection trip to several of Cousin Charley's mill properties.

It is possible for a well-conducted cotton factory to engage the emotions in such a way as to produce an impression of beauty. As the compressed fibers are released from the hoops and webbing of the bales, they are carried through carding machines which transform the tangled mass into soft and orderly rolls of fleecy white. From this state the fibers are lightly twisted into strands which are gently folded upon each other in tall containers. Almost vaporous and ethereal in their snowy whiteness, the delicate strands are further blended and then twisted more tightly until they approach the thinness of a pipe cleaner. At this stage they are ready to be spun into thread of solid textile strength.

Looking a hundred yards down a lane of spindles, one is conscious of an orderliness and harmony among the thousands of pieces of diverse mechanism which are so closely synchronized. The identification of harmony with beauty so forcefully revealed by George Santayana rises tentatively to the mind; and the apparent absurdity of thinking of Santayana in connection with machinery proves insufficient to cause a total rejection of the idea that a cotton mill is not without its aesthetic values. The noise which the spindles produce is not a clatter; rather than being a cacophony of many dissimilar

vibrations, it possesses a sustained pitch and a tone quality as of the whirring of multitudinous wings in unison. No startling metallic crashes break upon the steady hum of the spindles; they neither scream nor roar. Above the spinning frames on tracks suspended from the ceiling move the "cleaners" in a slow and graceful rhythm. Years ago cotton-mill people walking the streets on Saturday afternoons could always be distinguished by the dingy lint hanging from their clothing and hair; but now the "cleaners" gliding with their uncanny precision over the spindles blow the vagrant lint to the floor, where it can easily be swept up. Operatives no longer carry lint on their clothing; in their neat blue uniforms they stand in the aisles, their agile fingers ready to mend broken threads and to remove filled spindles. With the constantly improved machinery, there is less and less for them to do.

In the barbaric past of the cotton industry children used to wind the light thread into heavier yarns to suit the requirements of the market. Now that operation is performed by machines of almost unbelievable dexterity. Child labor has never been a problem in Cousin Charley's mill; there always have been too many destitute adult farmers who have been ready enough to undertake whatever work might be available. Since the introduction of machines capable of replacing fifty or more operatives, there has been no reason for child labor in any of the cotton mills. Even the New England factories have resigned themselves to allowing the children to remain completely away from the pious atmosphere of the mills. Thus has man's inventiveness placed new hazards in the paths of these little ones whose morals formerly were so well guarded by their fourteen-hour day under the benevolent eye of a Massachusetts foreman. Another mainstay of the professional reformers is not applicable to Cousin Charley's mill. No women are employed there on the night shift for the reason that plenty of men have always been at hand for that kind of work. Even the comparatively low wages of the cotton mills have been like manna from the skies to those habituated to the incomes of tenant farmers.

IV

Purely from the labor point of view, the current problem of the cotton industry is not so much concerned with the working conditions of women and children as it is with whether the introduction of new machines will not gradually remove the necessity for any kind of unskilled labor—children, women, or men. In the modern kraft paper mills of the South unskilled workers even now are employed only in a few minor departments. At Muscle Shoals three or four highly trained men walk about looking at gauges and charts in a room three hundred yards long. This Gargantuan temple of the machine contains a row of enormous softly humming dynamos, and no unskilled workmen. But unskilled laborers are not significant as purchasers of kraft paper bags and electrical energy. They do, however, buy cotton goods to such an extent that they constitute the most important market for that product. This fact Cousin Charley knows. Experience has taught him that his mills are least profitable during periods of low-priced cotton; buying raw materials cheaply in no sense compensates for the purchasing power lost by farmers with reduced incomes.

Thus he has been able to derive the most salient point of his industrial philosophy: that the cotton mills are especially linked with agriculture in the South. While he knows that machines do not pay fees to labor unions, he also realizes that machines have no purchasing power. In many respects he would agree with the essentials of Henry Pratt Fairchild's essay entitled "Machines Don't Buy Goods." The money Cousin Charley pays for raw materials goes directly to the cotton farmer, and part of the wages earned in the mills is sent by employees to their relatives who are still eating corn meal and "white meat" on their rented patches of sterile land. These principles were not taught Cousin Charley by Henry Ford or Stuart Chase, although he has books by these gentlemen in his library. Apparently Cousin Charley is nearer to reality than is either Henry Ford or Stuart Chase. He is not exploiting the advertising power of a high-flown theory; he is

at grips with a fact. His nostrils remember the flavor of the fundamental earth.

As we walked along past the aisles of spindles in the mill, my mind fell into making a comparison of them with rows of cotton plants in the Black Belt. The men and women working at the whirring machines would in most cases have been in a cotton field at that moment, had the factories not been constructed in the South. Cousin Charley and I might have been riding horseback over the fields in the hot sunshine. The workers would have been mainly Negroes. Here in the mill Negroes were employed only at the heavy work of lifting the bulk cotton, in firing the furnaces, or in shifting multicolored batches of cotton in the dyeing room. White laborers would not have had much chance in the Black Belt; they would have eked out a sorry living in the red-clay lands farther north. In the mill villages their food was better, more plentiful, and more varied. Under expert instruction in the villages, the women kept their houses neatly and made pretty dresses for themselves from the mill cloth. Their children attended school nine months a year, instead of having at best in the country a short term and a teacher herself scarcely advanced from illiteracy. Milk, so frequently considered a diet only for sick children on the tenant farms, was to be had at extremely low prices from the mill dairy. Screened windows and foot coverings now alleviated the ravages of malaria and hookworm.

They threw themselves into simple recreations with a hunger born of their former isolation and weariness of soul and body. At band concerts, at baseball games, at children's exercises that sparkling attention in their eyes was something new for many of these refugees from the barren hills. Lyrics sung to the peace and liberty of the countryside are not inspired by visits to the tenant farms from which these people moved to factory town. Called upon by agents of the labor unions, Cousin Charley has them conducted through the mills and villages and then asks whether the union could do more for the employees than he himself has already done. Some day I should enjoy looking through the window upon a meeting

between Cousin Charley and Sherwood Anderson or Sinclair Lewis bent upon a propagandist mission into the Southern textile districts. I venture to say their conference would end in a golf game, in case Mr. Anderson or Mr. Lewis have ever learned to play.

Still the metamorphosis of the mill people was not complete. Most of the women continued to sweep their front yards with brooms, giving them the appearance of those in little Dutch villages, and to scour their house floors with stiff brushes and lye soap. The waltz and two-step could not supplant the old-fashioned square dance in the favor of the older couples. And Cousin Charley explained to me that all the floor corners in the mill were painted white so as to place a special burden upon the conscience of the employees whose rural habit of chewing tobacco continued to survive in spite of every other manner of tactful discouragement. On the whole, I could not help wondering what Jean Jacques Rousseau would conclude, should he be able to compare a tenant farmer's hillside shack with one of the company houses at Cousin Charley's mill; and whether Irving Babbitt, after a similar experience, would be constrained to add a footnote to his *Rousseau and Romanticism*.

V

But on our tour of inspection Cousin Charley did not become truly excited until we had ridden out to his chicken farm about a mile from the mill. My knowledge of chickens is not exhaustive, but a flock of five hundred white leghorn pullets must be one of the memorable scenes of chickendom, unless it be eclipsed by the sight of eight hundred fluffy yellow leghorns at the age of four days. An hour previously I had watched a Swiss dyer stand guard over the mysteries of his secret process in the mills. From a tub of liquid, strips of denim cloth had risen into the air over a system of rollers. Going up it was green; coming down it was blue. Somewhere in the air oxidation had taken place. The Swiss dyer had brought his secrets from Europe, where his father had passed

them on to him orally from his grandfather. He was austere and rather forbidding of countenance. Polite he was, to be sure; but even his deference to Cousin Charley did not conceal his suspicion that one of us might catch a sample of that mysterious dyeing liquid in a test tube. Cousin Charley knew that ownership of the mills ten times over would never disclose to him the exact nature of the dyeing process which he had imported from Switzerland. Much the same was true of the custodian of the chickens, Mr. Pollette, whom Cousin Charley had brought from England. Mr. Pollette was anything but austere; he was the soul of enthusiasm and cordiality. But there remained certain details about the breeding of leghorns and the selection of eggs which he discussed only with an amiable wave of the hand and a very agreeable chuckle. At the dairy farm situated nearby Cousin Charley had placed a Wisconsin expert in charge of his fine Jersey and Hereford cattle.

Near the cattle barn Cousin Charley had set out three acres of shrubbery upon which he was experimenting. Feeling the texture of its leaves, prodding about the stalks of it with a small stick, standing off and gazing appraisingly upon its coloration, he gave the clear impression of having forgotten entirely that he was the owner of a vast array of machinery which puffed and fumed less than a mile away. In that mill were many hundreds of Southern tenant farmers but lately changed into industrial workers, for better or worse. Under Cousin Charley's sympathetic encouragement, some of them might hope to be advanced from spinners to weavers, from foremen perhaps to superintendents. Such things had frequently occurred. But they never might hope to be dyers, chicken raisers, cattle breeders, or horticulturists. These positions Cousin Charley reserved for the elect of God.

Remarkably enough all the mills in Cousin Charley's group have been able to maintain very nearly a full-time schedule regardless of the depression and the competition of the mushroom growth of migratory factories which sprang up as a

result of the boom. His industries were established long before the Southern factory boom of the 1920's; partly as a consequence of that fact, they have not been ruined by a recession from the hysteria of business inflation. During the recent peak of commercial prosperity Cousin Charley saw no cause for employing the stretch-out system in his mill; and now at low tide his regular families are conservatively pursuing their accustomed work. On their Southern plantations the ancestors of Cousin Charley had become habituated to the responsibility of caring sympathetically for the needs of hundreds of unresourceful dependents. This predetermined attitude toward his employees Cousin Charley carried with him into industry. Whatever a system of paternalism may do toward thwarting the development of individual traits among the employed, those evils cannot be suffered by people who need a strong arm to lean upon considerably more than they need new worlds to conquer. Without laboring the point, it is sufficient to say that native paternalism is a pearl of great price as compared with the savageries of outside exploitation.

The question rises as to whether Cousin Charley's mill is typical of the Southern cotton factories of today. Only a cursory examination of certain regions of botched civilization in the South at this time is necessary to demonstrate that Cousin Charley's factories are on a different plane from many of the others. Some of the lamentable results of the development of the machine below the Potomac are to be matched only by the depravities of life which existed in some of the poorer rural sections of the South before the factories came. But Cousin Charley's mills are definitely representative of a certain class of industrial projects in the Southern region. In most of the states of the South there are families which have turned sturdily from the plantation to the factory without altering one jot the essential elements of their cultural inheritance.

Had Cousin Charley lived in a more beautiful, more fertile, and more traditional Southern state than the one in

which he does live—and had there been fewer industrial resources easily at hand—I have no doubt that he at this moment would be serenely and properly ensconced upon many green acres as a country squire. But who shall say that in his present capacity he is less useful to civilization?

INTRODUCTION TO OSBERT BURDETT

DALE WARREN

PLENTY of good people the world over have claimed that the Bible has influenced them to a greater extent than any book ever written. Osbert Burdett falls closely into line, but with the Bible brackets another volume not usually mentioned in the same breath. In a London nursery in the late eighties he found it no dull task to declaim the Church of England catechism and, with less resistance than his elders expected, applied himself to the Book of Common Prayer. Church on Sunday mornings was the literary pleasure of the week whenever a curate with a well-modulated voice and a fine sense of the cadences read one of his favorite chapters from Genesis or Ecclesiastes. Yet religious ecstasy, it must be admitted, was not yet. The enjoyment and inspiration came first from this early discovery of the beauty of the spoken or written word. The opening phrase of St. John's Gospel—"In the beginning was the Word"—gave to this boy the Apostolic blessing on the art of letters.

In Burdett's case, Saint John soon found himself—and probably for the first time—rubbing shoulders with Kraft-Ebbing. Having the free run of his father's library, he came accidentally upon a weighty volume hidden behind another on the top shelf. "The sale of this work," announced a printed slip that fell out, "is limited to members of the Medical, Scholastic, Legal and Clerical Professions." This book seemed a happy discovery to him, as it was thought at the time that he would follow medicine, or perhaps take Holy Orders. Like Keats's sailors, silent before a peak in Darien, he read the ponderous and humorless *Psychopathia Sexualis* from cover to cover. It was a tremendous and exhilarating experience, touching (he wildly supposed) the ultimate truth of things, and revealing that human beings are never what the world pretends them to be. He realized on that day that people are

not a bit as they seem to be at dull parties; they are either better or worse, and always much more interesting.

Thirty years later Osbert Burdett, critic, essayist, short story writer, biographer, is still of the same opinion. "Our liturgy," he says, "taught me a sense of rhythm and the magic of beautiful words. It was the fate of this laborious German to teach me the incredibility of common facts."

Although he contends that prose needs the devotion of a lifetime, a scrupulous literary style has nevertheless been the desire of his work from the very beginning. Trained in the Classical tradition, he has a ready knowledge of the roots and derivation of words and holds that prose should be tested by an ear as sensitive as that of a musician. He carries his theory so far that he will not use a typewriter, maintaining that the click of the keys can be heard in the style of all who compose upon it: "Bernard Shaw is suited to an age of typewriters; that is why his journalism can be splendid, and also why he is found unreadable by poets." Hand in hand with this respect for his chosen medium goes his refusal to look at human life in terms of praise or blame. Critical detachment and an absence of unimaginative prejudice he considers no less important than a tireless curiosity and a sincere sympathy with all sorts and conditions. The imagination of Shakespeare he compares to the forgiveness of sins. Back in the seventeenth century, the biographer, John Aubrey, spoke of "the naked and plaine truth, which is here exposed so bare that the very pudenda are not covered." There is, says Burdett, no richer motto for the biographer; the cadence is as lovely as the sentiment is sound.

Looking back to the time when he came down from Cambridge, Burdett does not berate his long, slow period of apprenticeship, nor attempt to explain away what appeared at the time to be but a starveling literary gift. According to G. Lowes Dickinson, his college tutor, "No one had greater difficulties." This era of enforced quiescence, dismaying to a father who looked upon a literary career as a lazy road to ruin, made him very discontented with himself, though it

spared him in later years some of the blushes that frequently go hand in hand with a prolific crop of juvenilia. Moscow, not London, eventually opened the doors. November, 1907, was even more foggy and disagreeable than most English autumns. Sick of an inadequate fire in a dark library, he went out for a walk and at the end of the day took refuge in a secondhand bookshop. A modest purchase brought him into conversation with the man who served him, and led to an introduction to a Russian who had come to London to engage a British correspondent for the *Moscow Art Theater Review*. An offer was no sooner made than accepted. Thus he began by being translated, an amusing start: and the initial article, which dealt with current books and plays, produced an international money-order for a sum equivalent to ten dollars. This was the first money that Burdett had ever earned and, flourishing it in the face of a skeptical parent, he announced that he proposed to retire on it and never do another stroke of work. To realize this intention, he hurried off to Covent Garden, even as young Beardsley had done before him, and spent the entire sum on the "Ring" cycle.

The following winter (1908-1909) was the date of another escapade which fortunately never reached the ears of any member of the family, except those of the elder brother whose noble connivance made it possible. This brother was spending the winter at Davos, and Burdett with some difficulty contrived to be allowed to join him. The brother found a French lady who neither knew nor wished to know English, but who was quite ready to teach a young Englishman some French. While the French lessons were going on daily, a letter came inviting Burdett to attend the complimentary dinner that was about to be given to Robert Ross, Wilde's literary executor, on the completion of the first collected edition of Wilde's works. Burdett had met Ross and was very anxious to go; but what would his parents say if he left the bright sun and the Alpine air for a purpose (to them) so frivolous, when it had been only by the advice of a doctor that he had been allowed to escape the London fogs at all? The brothers agreed

that it would be inadvisable to ask their father; the elder lent the money for the long journey; Burdett wrote an affectionate letter home one Saturday saying, truly, how much he was benefitting by the climate, and on Sunday afternoon he started for Paris, and reached London on Tuesday morning in good time for the dinner that night. In London a friend met him with a beard, which he implored Burdett to wear in case he should run into his father; but he compromised by remaining in his hotel, attended the dinner without a hitch, and started off to Davos again the following morning. Late on Thursday he was once more beside his brother; the daily French lessons were resumed; and the secret trip to London, which remains an unforgettable adventure, was never discovered. The loan was repaid, by installments; and the generous brother faithfully kept the secret until his death.

His father's fears were confirmed by this extravagance on opera and by the wangled holiday in Switzerland, and he insisted that his son should learn something about printing, which he considered more practical than authorship. The huge London printing works of Messrs. Spottiswoode accepted him as a voluntary pupil, and he was set to work in the compositor's room. The jump to Fleet Street was similarly accomplished, and he became (still as an unpaid pupil) a sub-editor of the *Evening Star*, preparing the daily police news, with the single instruction: "Keep it clean." This work was sometimes varied by special assignments, and one day in an emergency his chief called him in and roared: "More stock articles are wanted. In half an hour bring me one on 'Sea-serpents!'" The summer began to wane; sub-editing began to weary him, and so he managed to say an artful good-bye on the very day before his relatives left London for their summer holiday. Parental forbearance was now exhausted. His father took a firm hand in the fall and placed him on the staff of one of his own papers, a technical weekly, on which he drudged away for six years. Fugitive essays and articles found their way into print from time to time, and also a one-act play, *The Silent Heavens: A Divine Comedy*, written in a burst of en-

thusiasm; which last was subsequently issued by Mr. Fifield, the predecessor of Jonathan Cape. With what he now regards as the arrogance of youth, Burdett sent the typescript to Bernard Shaw and was forthwith summoned to lunch. Although this was several years ago he still remembers his host's generosity and the bottle of Steinberg Cabinet that was opened for his benefit. Up to this time there had been no justification for his literary existence and he found himself in the position of one who, unfit for any other occupation, was making no headway in the work he regarded as his own.

The future might have told a far different story had it not been for the accidental death by drowning of the private secretary to Edward Perry Warren, an American archaeologist and connoisseur, who had taken up permanent residence at Lewes House, Sussex. Through the introduction of a common friend, Burdett met Warren and, embracing the way of escape that he held out to him, embarked on the three years which he now looks back upon as the nursery of his literary career. Warren's influence upon those who knew him was far greater than the literary or artistic legacy that he left at his death. In literature he is survived by a slender volume of Greek stories, *Alcmæon*, *Hypermestra*, *Cæneus*; in the arts by the Greek antiquity section of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts which he worked for many years to create. Although he wrote little himself, he had the scholar's passion for grammar and a critic's sensitiveness to ideas and to style. He not only encouraged Burdett to write and gave him the leisure in which to do so, but set an intellectual example—against sloppiness, superficiality, and verbiage—which acted on his intimates like a pruning-knife. It was during his association with Warren that Burdett's first work of biographical interpretation appeared. *The Idea of Coventry Patmore* brought him a degree of recognition, and at the age of thirty-five he was able to turn his back on what he terms a period of "excellent discouragement."

"Here he comes—looking less like a journalist than ever," hailed one of his companions when he appeared again in Fleet

Street, this time as a free-lance, after the period with Warren had drawn to a close. Over the tankards in a tavern (where most of the work in Fleet Street is still done) talk turned on the eighteen-nineties. Priestly, then reading for John Lane, had his nose to the ground, as is the way with publishers over the tankards. Impressed with a theory that Burdett had been developing, he suggested a book on this much-disputed decade. Burdett picked up the scent and found the publisher of *The Yellow Book* interested as keenly as ever in his favorite subject. Eighteen months later *The Beardsley Period* was published, two days after Lane himself had died.

Following Holbrook Jackson's formidable volume, *The Eighteen Nineties*, a monument of industrious research, *The Beardsley Period* took its place as a supplementary rather than a competitive work, a book of theory, more in the tenor of the less reminiscent pages of Yeats's *Trembling of the Veil*. In his assumption that the nineties were not a period but a point of view, Burdett did not limit himself to the decade per se, but tried to unravel and define, in their historical sequence, the influences which flowered into riotous profusion just before the turn of the century. His method was not to attempt a comprehensive survey of all who wrote between 1890-1900, but to depict the attitude of mind of the so-called group of "decadents" and to trace this symptom to its multiple cause. His achievement was to take a movement associated with certain ideas and to examine it against a whole background of thought, without losing sight of the queer interest which still attaches to this motley collection of artists, poets, critics, and writers of fiction whom W. B. Yeats has called "The Tragic Generation."

The next step was to collect his scattered writings but, although *Critical Essays* contains some of his best work, the fifteen chapters compose an oddly assorted volume ranging from "Peacock the Epicurean" to "The Passion Play at Oberammergau" and from "The Art of Mr. Chaplin" to "Two Foot-Notes on Patmore." An unpropitious title did little to help it, but Burdett's star was nevertheless in the ascendent,

and he was asked to write a book on Blake for the *English Men of Letters* series. As commissioned books rarely have the same spontaneity of origin as those written wholly for their own pleasure, he afterwards declared "an imaginative holiday" and wrote a series of short stories on a distinctly original pattern. Essentially character studies, they show him preoccupied with what might be termed "the construction of intimate interiors." Although plot was reduced to second place, "the long rhythms of the lucid prose" were noticed by several critics, as was the ironic treatment of some of their themes. Published as *The Very End and Other Stories* by Eric Partridge, the title-story was welcomed by one critic for the touch of Baron Corvo in its "setting" and a flavor of Villiers de l'Isle Adam in its "style." My own preference is for "The Three Scholars," a long-short which might easily have been developed to novel length. In fact, one editor declined it because it was, he said, a "condensed novel."

Far from presaging a shift to fiction, this excursion seemed to direct Burdett's energy back again into the biographical channel, and the publication of his character-study of Gladstone in 1927 pointed the way which he was to follow. Here was a "partial portrait of a character" who had apparently been entombed, past hope of resurrection, in Morley's opus which ran to two thousand pages. In his desire to show not merely what Gladstone accomplished, but what manner of man he was, Burdett so far aligned himself on the side of Strachey and Bradford, as to pass from acts to motives, but he did not aim at belittlement by this means. In *The Brownings* the picture grew to include two protagonists, as also in his more recent study, *The Two Carlyles*. Portraiture, as opposed to biography, is the more correct term. In this, at least, his biographies and the "interiors" in his stories resemble one another.

The lesson accidentally learned from the discovery made in his father's library was not forgotten during his University days, as Burdett was a wide reader and his inquisitive turn of mind led him regularly to neglect his textbooks for his preferences. He kept stumbling upon a common paradox wherever

he turned, and it became, in time, a pet theory. He noted in Samuel Butler that truth was "a contradiction in terms"; he found Wilde proclaiming that "a truth in art is that whose contradictory is also true." From the Poet of Wedded Love, as Gosse called Patmore, he was treated to the axiom that

"In the arithmetic of life
The smallest unit is a pair,"

and long before he saw the connection (from his later association with Greek antiquities), he had become interested in the motive of the Hermaphroditus as developed in Hellenistic sculpture. The masculine element in women of genius had its independent attraction for him and, while others were becoming obsessed with sex, he became absorbed in the Idea of which sex is the most obvious example. It was not odd, therefore, that his book on Patmore's philosophy of love should have been followed, after an interval, by a study not of one person but of a relationship, the story of a pair. The Brownings obviously invited such treatment, as previous biographies had dealt with each of them individually, and had laid chief emphasis on the poetry of each by itself. Their joint history, however, was a dual love story rich in contrast, of which either half would give only an inadequate picture. Burdett chose a happy couple on the assumption that two divided halves do not make a whole!

The Browning story, however, was exceptional, as one aware of their marital happiness must unhappily admit. Thomas and Jane Carlyle, a more complicated subject, presented forty checkered years of marriage, a marriage better remembered for its shadows than its lights. "But as soon as I had gone into their story," Burdett explains, "it seemed to me that it was far from unique, and much less black really than piebald. Insofar as marriage is a 'problem' I believe it to be insoluble; but, on the other hand, it is only the insoluble problems that never lose their interest. Now, the Carlyle marriage is one of the best documented that exists. We hardly ever hear the piebald truth; but here we have all the squares,

both black and white, upon the board, and I believe it to be typical of the reality behind a hundred romances. In spite of writings based on the contrary assumption, the story of Jane Welsh and Thomas Carlyle appears to me, in essentials, to be the story of many marriages. If it is of universal interest, this is because their experience was not extraordinary." Consequently, the resulting study did not fall in line with the existing biographies which were either violently pro- or anti-Froude.

This dual form of biography is comparatively rare. It is valuable in that two subjects, considered together, give light and shade to one another. Something more than a single ego emerges, and when both figures happen also to be productive in some artistic sphere, the reader is given as wide a view of human nature and imagination as he can get in reasonable compass. A conspicuous example which comes to mind is that of Henri Gaudier and Sophie Brzeska, whose intricate and complex relationship emerges from H. S. Ede's *Savage Messiah*.

The psychological approach appeals more strongly to Burdett than the purely factual or documentary, although the flash-in-the-pan school of professional debunkers causes him to raise a skeptical eyebrow. Without close reliance upon the facts, psychology, he believes, is only another name for guesswork, and without interpretation facts can become both meaningless and confusing. The first biographer of a man has to present the evidence. This is bound to be unwieldy, but the record must be made. When the evidence has thus become available, it is open for future writers to take from it enough to construct a vivid, yet conscientious, portrait. The standard biography is like a hard-won block of marble from the quarry; the portrait like a statue carved therefrom. He does not believe that the two types can be artistically combined, nor that even the best standard biographies prove any exception. Collection is the first duty of the one as selection is of the other. We need both. The purely historical records make the interpretative studies possible. Both types must conform to defi-

nite standards, and both are, of course, equally capable of abuse.

Burdett combines a faculty of discrimination with a sense of proportion, two qualities which find ample scope for expression in the particular field which he has chosen for his own. The lucidity of his style is well adapted to a technique invariably handled with dexterity. He deplores alike the neglect of good prose and the delusion that prose is inferior to poetry—yet only its equal when the author shall have applied to it the same sensitiveness of ear and the same degree of hypercriticism. Good prose he considers much rarer today than good verse. It has thus become the most aristocratic of the arts.

As an example of Burdett's style I have selected the following passage from his discussion of Hawthorne which appears in his *Critical Essays*. His comments on Hawthorne's style are no less revealing than his angle of approach is consistent:

The prose of Hawthorne is the most beautiful prose that has come out of America. Perhaps its fantastic quality of imagination, in which beauty kindles from word to word as colour will in tapestry or in the red glow against the dun background of a Yanina embroidery, picked out here and there with fragmentary touches of gold thread, is due to the fact that his sense of beauty was a changeling and had no father in American soil. His subject is the Puritan conscience, whose rigid quality was reflected in a stern law, the first refuge of frigid men who had entered a strange continent with all the forces of nature arrayed against them. Transplanted into a soil unprepared for them, the pioneers, who had revolted from their original home, identified their foes without with their foes within, so that nature everywhere became the enemy, and life itself sinful. To have been born at all was the first sin to these Puritans—who suffered from the most dreadful of all human superstitions, expiation by sacrifice. To them repentance meant living in sackcloth and ashes. But there is an old word not open to this confusion, the word *resipiscence*. It means, as repentance should be held to mean, change to a better frame of mind. This they neglected. The means were confused with the end; punishment was enjoyed for its own sake, and duty became a man-eating idol after the manner of Moloch.

Burdett is continuing his work of literary criticism to which (so far as journalism permits) he would apply the same

high standard at which his biographical writing aims. English newspaper-critics, he suggests, have a richer background, whereas Americans are apt to be more conscientious. "Ours seem to me to be lazy, yours to be thin. The more swashbuckling on both sides, though invective has become a memory, appear to miss the importance of the simple truth that it is better to love good than to hate evil. Mencken, no doubt, is as useful to you as Wyndham Lewis is to us; but the greater glory of fine criticism must always be to support the good, not to deride the foolish. Denunciation flatters its victims. The best rebuke of folly is the example of virtue, and in both countries the critics have to write too much because they are paid too little. Good criticism can rarely be done regularly to order, as is evident from a comparison of the reviews written by Pater, for instance, with the essays written for his own pleasure. There are, however, certain writers with a gift for causerie, but men like Gosse are rare."

The plight of the critical journalist is persuasively described in *The Two Carlyles* in connection with Carlyle's recommendation that England should follow Germany's example of endowing a number of posts that could be offered without disgrace to the younger men of letters. Speaking of those whom necessity forces to enter the ranks of the literary journalists and write to order rather than from their spontaneous wish, Burdett says:

I have known a few of these writers; have done some of their work myself; have known and watched the progress of many more. Despite admiration for their quality, wonder at their endurance, envy at their skill, I can think of none who has not fallen short of the writer that he might have become if he could early have escaped from the drag of this ghastly occupation. It is the destiny of such to attempt, in order to live at all, more than can fairly be asked of him; to be always hurried; to do by the clock that which can only be well done when time is secondary; to know a little of many books; to know none well that he has not known before he started; to read too much; to reflect too little; to know that sciolism will be accepted for scholarship, readableness for style; to be unable to decline work for which he has either relative ignorance or personal distaste; to put speed before quality; to fear conciseness; to banish the idea of leisure from his world; to cultivate compe-

tence as the highest of literary virtues; to write when he has nothing to say; and, when he has, to be unable, from want of time, to say it with all the beauty, and lucidity, and brevity of which he would otherwise be capable. Fleet Street is like a whale that swallows many Jonahs, and unfortunately it does not regurgitate them whole; half the artist in each remains, a journalistic chyme, in the whale's belly.

Some form of intoxication is necessary to all good writing, Burdett maintains. Paradoxically he regards mental fatigue (which the doctors say is produced by a toxin in the tissues) as the safest intoxicant, and consequently does much of his writing at night. If he is overtired before he begins, then he is in the mood for pen and paper. A stimulating conversation with someone capable of abstract discussion, and inclined to differ from him, he regards as an ideal prelude to a night's work. Said his friend, Priestley: "Burdett has made me late for more than one appointment while he has flourished his phenomenally long cigarette-holder and poured out innumerable ideas. He is essentially a man of ideas, one of those men who never rest until they have furnished you with the theory of any matter under discussion, and such talkers and writers seem to be fast disappearing." The physical fact is this. Somehow or other the blood must be sent to the head. He has occasionally thought of following the example of certain musical composers and sit with his feet in a tub of cold water, but has never actually been reduced to this extremity. He places the same faith in good talk that others bestow on strong coffee or some more potent stimulant. Being really devoted to wine, and an enviable connoisseur, he cannot bear the thought of using it except for the purposes of hospitality.

In writing, a breach of good taste, or a lapse into bad manners, is far more distressing to him than the splitting of an infinitive. But parlance in print—not the same as idiom—he dislikes. The amenities of life must be preserved at all costs; scholars and grammarians should unite to protect them. Thorough, meticulous, and patient, insofar as an easily discouraged and leisurely temperament admits, Osbert Burdett

escapes classification with the pedant. He runs no danger of having a future biographer direct towards him the words which he himself so aptly applied to Beardsley, when he set him down as "an instance of an author who is all technique and no humanity."

SAMUEL J. TILDEN AND THE CIVIL WAR

CHARLES B. MURPHY

FEW people think of Samuel J. Tilden as a prophet. When he is thought of at all, it is usually in connection with the contested election of 1876. There is, however, a less known period of his life which is far more significant, for a close study of it reveals the mighty forces at work in this country in the era of the Civil War. Forces which were scarcely suspected at the time and which are only faintly comprehended today, were engaged in a desperate struggle to determine the future course of American development. The contending armies of the North and South were but a phase of an inner conflict that was far greater. It was a struggle between those who were anxious to preserve the old United States, and those who wished to erect a new United States. The old United States of Madison, Jefferson, Washington, Jackson, and Van Buren had been agricultural with emphasis on the importance of the individual, the status of the states, and the sanctity of a man's Constitutional rights. This new United States which was being created was to be a union in which industry was to grow plump on privilege, in which the stress was to be on society, productivity, and efficiency, and in which Constitutional rights were to be subordinated to "the common good" as conceived by the reformer. It was to be a United States with a centralization of power undreamed of by the men who had constructed the Federal government. Samuel J. Tilden was more alert to the real meaning of those hidden issues than any man of his generation. It is for this reason that his attitude deserves attention.

During the hectic campaign of 1860 there were but few men in the North who understood the real attitude of the South. Most of the Northern political leaders thought the threats of secession which rolled upward from Dixie were only clever political propaganda. That Lincoln's election would actually mean secession was not for a minute believed

by most of those men who considered themselves astute politicians. But Tilden knew better. He was not an enthusiastic partisan of any of Lincoln's three opponents, but he was sure that the election of Lincoln on a sectional party ticket would mean disaster. He deemed it the part of wise statesmanship to postpone as long as possible the attempt to rule the country by a sectional party. Tilden felt that time would solve the problem. He was sure that watchful waiting was a superior policy to immediate action and the big stick. He argued that immigration, by giving the non-slave states control of Congress in time, would avoid a Civil War. In a letter to William Kent in the fall of 1860 Tilden analyzed the political situation with much penetration and logic. The gist of his long and extremely able letter is that the Republican party was sectional (in 1860), and that the election of its candidate to the presidency would be taken in the South as a threat to Southern institutions. Tilden advocated the choice of a moderate man who would be fairly representative of the conservative sentiment in all parts of the country in the coming campaign. He closed his letter by stating that the election of Lincoln would be an invitation to unmeasurable perils. Perhaps this conservative policy of letting time aid in the decision of national destiny would have been resorted to by the majority of people if the theory of evolution had then gained the place in men's thinking which it has since secured.

Such was the position of Samuel J. Tilden in the fall of 1860. Subsequent events were to show how thoroughly he had grasped the situation. His prognostications were fulfilled. By the spring of 1861 Lincoln was in power, and South Carolina was out of the Union. Uncertainty prevailed throughout the North. Most of the leaders were unprepared for the situation. Nobody seemed to know just which way to turn. Tilden, as a close student of the Constitution, voiced the opinion that the Federal government could not employ force to prevent secession or to compel states which had seceded by the will of the people to acknowledge the Federal power. He voiced these sentiments at a banquet of prominent New

Yorkers. Bancroft, the historian, and Horatio Seymour seconded his sentiments and explained the legal and constitutional basis for their views. It was still hoped by these representatives of the Old United States that the extremists of both sides could be held in check, and that the problem could be solved without the necessity of resorting to ruthless and unconstitutional measures.

The catastrophe, however, was not to be avoided, and during the early months of the war Tilden maintained a pained silence. From the very first he agreed with the old policy of Andrew Jackson that the Union must be preserved, but he was convinced that moderation and patience could have accomplished that purpose far more easily than a resort to the brute force of arms. The determination on the part of the abolitionists and the radicals of the North to widen the war aim from a simple preservation of the Union to an abolition of slavery threw genuine alarm into the Northern Democrats. The Republicans lost little time in using the war as a pretext for an enormous increase in the powers of the central government. It was this which Tilden had foreseen and feared. The Democrats, in the campaign of 1862, asked the people to stop the unconstitutional centralization of power by turning the Republicans out of office. In the midst of the campaign the Democratic party leaders asked Tilden to prepare a declaration of principles for the Democratic party. He wrote a powerful statement of the party's position, the last paragraph of which produced so profound an impression among the people of the seceded states that it justifies quotation:

And now if my voice could reach the southern people, through the journals of our metropolis, I would say to them that in no event can the triumph of the conservative sentiment of New York in the election mean the consent to disunion either now or hereafter. Its true import is restoration, North and South, of that Constitution which has secured every right, and under whose shelter all had been happy and prosperous until you madly fled from its protection. It was your act which began this calamitous Civil War. It was your act which disabled us as we are now disabled from shaping the policy or limiting the objects of that war. Loudly as we maintained your rights will we maintain the right of the

government. We will not strike down its arm as long as yours is lifted against it. That noblest and greatest work of our wise ancestors is not destined to perish. We intend to rear once more upon the old firm foundation its shattered columns, and to carry them higher toward the eternal skies. If the old flag waves in the nerveless grasp of a frantic but feeble faction to whom you and not we abandoned it, we, whose courage you have tried when we stood unmoved between fanaticism and folly from the North and the South alike, will once more bear it onward and aloft until it is again planted upon the towers of the Constitution invincible by domestic as by foreign enemies. Within the Union we will give you the Constitution you profess to revere, renewed with fresh guarantees of equal right and equal safety. We will give you everything that local self-government demands; everything that a common ancestry of glory—everything that national fraternity or Christian fellowship requires; but to dissolve the federal bond between these States, to dismember our country, whoever else consents, we will not. No; never, never.

The position of the Democratic party in New York as stated by Tilden reveals not only the sane attitude taken by the party, but the foresight, self-possession, and restraint of Tilden himself. The position of an opposition party is embarrassing in any war; it is doubly trying in a civil war. The Democrats, as the opposition party, were in perfect accord with the administration in but one respect—both agreed that the Union must be preserved. But the Democrats were determined that they would never permit the preservation of the Union to be used by the extremists as a cloak for the emancipation of the slaves and the subjugation of the states and people in revolt. The opposition was also incensed at the arbitrary arrests and the interference with the freedom of the press which had made the administration so odious. The Democratic leaders favored a policy of tolerance, of coöperation between the calm men of both sections which would bring about a real and lasting peace. They believed that no peace could be real and lasting which left a section of the people smarting and embittered under a feeling of wrong and injustice. With these principles they succeeded in electing Seymour as governor of New York, but that state was the only important oasis in the desert of an otherwise solidly Republican North.*

* Many Congressional districts in the North were Democratic, of course.

Not long after Seymour's election, we find the honorable John Van Buren, a son of the doughty old Martin Van Buren, addressing an enthusiastic mass meeting in the heart of New York City. Van Buren was at his best as he cried:

Upon what terms is the war to continue? Not for a suspension of the writ of habeas corpus; nor for the Emancipation Proclamation (Congress should repeal it), but for a restoration of the Union as it was. Decline to vote one dollar if there is a departure from the original object. If the President incites a negro insurrection, every Democratic soldier and officer in the army would lay down his arms (great applause and cheers), and then we would have an interesting war (laughter).

I would like to see a war between the abolitionists in the North and the women and children of the South. I would trust the women in such a fight (laughter), if they could get at the abolitionists. As for getting Greeley and Sumner to go, that is out of the question (laughter).

Van Buren's speech is interesting in that it discloses the difference in temperament between the two friends, John Van Buren and Samuel J. Tilden. Both of them were in agreement on the issues involved, but Van Buren made his appeal through humor and satire, while Tilden's manner of speech was deliberate, judicial, unimpassioned, and logical.

While the young and handsome Van Buren was entertaining the enthusiastic crowd on Broadway, a number of the party leaders were holding a conference not far away at Delmonico's magnificent restaurant. The second group was smaller and not so exuberant in its enthusiasm, but it was composed of determined men, and they represented the aristocracy of intellect, wealth, and culture of the old Empire state. A Thackerian assemblage, perhaps, but a group to throw fear into the heart of any adversary, however able! Their purpose was to decide upon a method of combating the highhanded tactics of the administration. S. B. F. Morse felt that the most effective method would be to engage in a vigorous campaign of education. In this proposal he was warmly seconded by George T. Curtis and others. After Tilden pointed out the need for caution, it was finally agreed that an organization called The Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge should be launched. The purpose of the organization as stated in the constitution was:

... to disseminate knowledge of the principles of American Constitutional liberty, to inculcate correct views of the powers and rights of the Federal government, and of the powers and rights reserved by the states, and to promote a sound political education of the public mind; to the end that usurpations be prevented, and arbitrary and unconstitutional measures checked.

The meeting then adjourned.

The next day the Republican papers fairly roared with fury. The *New York Post*, in particular, painted a lurid picture of the meeting, and all but charged the participants with treason. The usual cry of "copperhead" was raised, and the impression given by the Republican press was that intrigue was rife.

Tilden was, as usual, perfectly calm under the storm. He wrote a forcible letter to the friendly *New York World* which was printed under the heading "The Delmonico Hoax." In the opening part of the letter Tilden explained that the meeting held at Delmonico's did not have the aspect of revolutionary intrigue as depicted in the *Post*. In the second paragraph he said:

It illustrates how contagious this bad example is, when set by those who administer the government during a period of public danger, that we daily hear from their partisans, propositions subversive of all Constitutional government and of our private rights and personal safety.

Then follows a paragraph of polite surprise that a reputable newspaper like the *Post* would stoop to discolor its news, after which Tilden continues:

We were fast degenerating into a condition in which violence, exercised under the false pretense of lawful authority, was becoming the ordinary weapon of political discussion and partisan warfare, when the elections last fall reminded the party in power that it is not wholly irresponsible, and did something toward restoring that balance between masses representing different opinions, without which popular government is impracticable.

At this part of his letter Tilden shows how the generation of men who were then in control of affairs were losing sight of the consequences of their violation of Constitutional rights because of the passion and interest of the moment. Tilden resumes with:

I do not think the traditions, habits, and rights of our ancestors can be safely broken up. Never once, on any occasion, at any time, in any place, have I failed to lift my voice against any tendency of this kind, from whatever source it proceeded. I may, perhaps, have carried my solicitude upon this subject too far. That is not my opinion, I heard no proposal made at that meeting which was not honorable, patriotic, and constitutional.

But what can we who oppose the policy of the administration do? Will it listen to any suggestion we have to offer? Apparently not. The controlling intellects of the administration accept as the guide of their policy the worst elements of their adherents—blind partisans, visionary theorists, impracticable philanthropists, and sensational journalists. The administration is like the voyage of a ship would be with a fake compass.

I did not say the above last night, but I say it now. What I did say last night was that the dissemination of documents, teaching the fundamental ideas of liberty and Constitutional Government, could do no harm and might be useful in a time when men's minds are unsettled, but that we should use great caution and not publish anything likely to paralyze the arm of the government. I stand by the same principles which I advocated, and for the same reasons, in October of 1860. The only mention I made of Mr. Lincoln was to say that his experience and knowledge of statesmanship was derived from one term in Congress, and some acquaintance with the lobby at Springfield. I know Mr. Lincoln, and I am not as disposed to treat him so uncharitably as is often done by the factions into which his own party is divided.

Except for occasional attendance at the society's meetings, Tilden refrained from taking part in the political squabbles which arose from time to time during the remainder of 1863. He remained silent during the conscription riots of the summer months. In all probability his attitude regarding the Conscription Act was similar to that of his friend Horatio Seymour. Seymour had declared in a letter of protest to Lincoln that enrollment in New York was being carried out in a manner decidedly unfair and partisan. He pointed out that those districts which were heavily Democratic, the victims of padded enrollment sheets, were giving up far more than a just percentage of their manhood, while those districts which supported the administration were grossly deficient in enrollment. Since soldiers could not vote, the result would be obvious. Seymour also maintained that the law providing for conscription be not executed until its constitutionality could be judicially determined.

While the controversy over Conscription was raging, another event occurred which filled the Democracy of New York with consternation. The arrest of C. L. Vallandigham by General Burnside aroused the New York Democracy like "a fire bell in the night." A citizen of the United States, in the dead of night, with haste, and upon the evidence of disguised and partisan informers, had been deprived of liberty without due process of law. It was this, more than the views of Vallandigham, which called forth the excited indignation of the New Yorkers. A giant mass meeting was promptly held (May 18) at which more than twenty-five thousand people assembled to protest the arrest. Samuel J. Tilden, as one of the vice-presidents of the meeting, was instrumental in securing the adoption of the following resolutions:

That we, the citizens of the City of New York, here assembled, denounce the arrest of the Honorable Clement L. Vallandigham and his trial and sentence by a military commission as a startling outrage upon the hitherto sacred rights of American citizenship.

That the refusal of the judge of the district within which the Honorable C. L. Vallandigham is incarcerated to grant a writ of *habeas corpus* is, in itself, a nullification of the Constitution, and an infamous outrage upon the clearly defined rights of the citizen.

Following the mass meeting in May, the political horizon was relatively quiet until September of 1863 when the Democratic state convention met, and framed a platform in which this significant plank was adopted:

For the war to maintain the Constitution and the supremacy of the laws, and to restore the Union, *and for no other purpose*. None other is Constitutional, and we are for peace *and conciliation* as soon as these objects are attained.

Tilden was not prominent in the affairs of the convention, but many of his cronies were, and it is safe to assume that his attitude was well expressed in the party platform.

It was in Chicago where the Democratic National Convention of 1864 assembled that Tilden first played an important rôle as one of the dominant figures of his party in the country. His speech at the caucus of the New York delegation insured the nomination of McClellan for the presidency. The speech

reveals the real Jeffersonianism which was fundamental in all his political thinking. He began by pointing out that he was too true to the principles of the Democratic Party to favor the nomination of an army general for the presidency in normal times, but, he said, these are not normal times, and we must nominate a man popular enough to have a chance of success. He continued by asserting that McClellan was the only man in such a position. He finished by saying that it was necessary to nominate and elect a man who would insure a peace which would not leave the people disunited in sentiment. A peace which would bring harmony and unity to the country was just and fair; he would not favor a peace which would leave one side vastly stronger than the other.

The Peace Democrats at the convention were opposed to the nomination of McClellan. They hoped to unite on Seymour or Guthrie of Kentucky, and thus prevent the nomination of the general. Seymour declined to make the race, and the Peace Democrats were searching for another strong candidate when Tilden made the speech which turned the tide. Up to the time of his speech Tilden's sympathy had been with the Peace Democrats. Why, then, did he voice opinions which secured the nomination of McClellan? Was he inconsistent? Not at all. It was the very thing which one who knew him would have expected him to do under the circumstances. It was Tilden, the cold realist, who spoke. Had he heeded the sentiments of his heart he would never have supported McClellan, but his foresight enabled him to grasp the folly of supporting a radical Peace Democrat. He sensed the sentiment of the North too well to be under any illusions about the prospects for the success of an extremist of that group in the coming election. With Seymour—the outstanding Peace Democrat—definitely out of the race, Tilden was no longer bound to let friendship and desire dictate to judgment.

Tilden's conduct at the convention demonstrates how clearly he saw that the only possibility of party success in November was dependent upon giving the War Democrats their wishes. His behavior during the entire convention is

excellent evidence of the firmness with which his feet were planted on the solid earth. As New York's representative on the important Resolutions Committee, he waged a tremendous struggle to prevent the selection of Vallandigham as chairman of the committee, and finally succeeded by a margin of thirteen to eleven. Vallandigham, undiscouraged by his rejection as chairman, then introduced a resolution declaring the whole war to be unconstitutional. This, in turn, was defeated by Tilden's influence, and the platform adopted contained only a comparatively mild denunciation of the war as conducted. When the convention was over and the delegates were homeward bound, Tilden sighed with relief. He had avoided a repetition of the split of 1860, and he felt that both the Peace Democrats and the War Democrats could conscientiously support the ticket.

During the campaign of 1864 Tilden was not particularly active. His professional duties were pressing, and his health was not good enough to permit of undue exertion. However, on November 1 he joined James Gallatin (a son of Albert Gallatin, secretary of the treasury under Jefferson), and the Honorable Reverdy Johnson of Maryland in addressing the merchants and bankers of Wall Street. All three men were powerful speakers, and the New York Democracy hoped for much from this meeting. Tilden began his speech by saying:

I am no more a friend of slavery in all probability than Mr. Lincoln as an abstract matter, but in a practical light yes. If the slaves are to be freed, what then? The domination of the whites in the South by the blacks?

... Who is the true Union man? General McClellan who places nothing before the Union, or Abraham Lincoln, who places the emancipation of the slaves before it?

Tilden continues the address with remarkable skill, for he seems to sense the impending doom of the Confederate cause. He makes no mention of this belief, but the speech differs from the earlier speeches in that it is filled with pleas for the election of a moderate man to guide the nation through the near future. He emphasizes the necessity of electing an administration which will "restore the Union of our fathers

under the Constitution." Tilden devotes very little time to attacking the past unconstitutional acts of the Lincoln régime—his chief concern is to insure the election of McClellan, so that the future will be in the hands of conservative men.

Lincoln, by extravagant use of the administration power, triumphed in the election. He received a little more than two million votes to one million eight hundred thousand for McClellan. Thus the way was prepared for "the tragic era" of Reconstruction, which Tilden had so clearly foreseen.

THE SOUTH LOOKS BACK AHEAD

CHESTER L. SAXBY

AN IDEA is forming in the South, if I read the signs correctly; an idea that much of the South may not be aware of, because it does not spring from chambers of commerce. It is taking shape in private homes and among private citizens. The idea is that famed Southern attractiveness has a market value and that something must be done about it.

For more years than our fathers can count the South has been harnessed to an industry that no longer pays in peace times: the unrestricted growing of cotton. This enterprise under slave conditions probably showed a profit; but a steady influx of planters stuffed the market until it burst, and women's changed tastes in dress has made it useless for all the king's horses and all the king's men to reassemble it.

Briefly, unlimited cotton-farming has made the South poor, and if some of the planting and picking and ginning and shipping can't be diverted in jig-time, happy new years are going to be scarce, indeed.

No overproduction is so tragic as here. Armies of folks have mortgaged themselves to it, saddled their hopes with a cotton burden they can't "tote." They seized it with both hands, and now they are unable to let go. Year by year the downy white crop has hung more heavily on their backs, like an old man of the sea. It has clung to them and they to it, because the soil calls peculiarly for cotton. The planter must raise, then, his share of a swelling supply for a falling demand. The only gainer by this forced harvest is ironically the boll-weevil which tries with might and main to weaken it. And they call this crop King Cotton!

Viewed allegorically, King Cotton was elevated to his throne by fickle international Barons, established there by feudal circumstance, and supported by the weakness of other claimants. There is no bally sentiment that "a king can do no wrong." His vassals and serfs agree that he has done

plenty and that each year he taxes his worried subjects harder and grants less protection. Today he is a big, overgrown lummock who drains the treasury, is too ponderous to go places, and isn't asked. His retainers, sick of fussing over him, would like nothing better than to make him abdicate.

But where is a princely successor? Tobacco, Corn, Rice and Sugar Cane rule small contiguous duchies; but Tobacco scorns the big domain of sandy clay and undue warmth; Corn is a cheap pretender with slight prestige; Rice is the delicate doctoring sort that must have daily mud-baths and can't abide the least altitude; Sugar Cane makes no advances from its sub-tropical bayou province. Not a potential monarch in the lot.

Furthermore, the South realizes that Old Man Cotton has a definite usefulness *in his proper place*. If he were, let us say, reduced to an earl; if his vast proportions could be shrunk to make him more active; if he could be dieted to decency, he would probably be a very able statesman and quite respected in the outside world. But if the kingdom is thus divided, half of it must starve while the new earldom prospers.

It is at this dramatic juncture that Dixie's new idea bids for consideration. Why not do as Europe has done: exhibit the crown jewels to touring parties for a price; throw open the palace for the curious to pay to see; attract and feed and lodge a holiday crowd; even show off the king? There is a deal of splendor in this Southern country to display, a breathless glory of history to unroll, alluring romance to review with so much of the setting remaining, enough and to spare.

For all that vaunted glory is there—the story-book glamour in every detail, the scintillating jewels of weird truth, the uncanny relics of tragedy, torture and death; the gaping old scars of stirring battle; the brocaded trappings of chivalry, and the ghosts of greatness parading the scented arbors. I have seen them, have penetrated to their hiding places, and have taken them unaware. I have drawn aside their coverings and identified them by their records. A hundred imprisoned faces of old-world charm have peered at me haggardly from dark and smutted windows, from frowzy and dejected door-

yards. I have seen neglected history more precious than that which draws Americans across an ocean—and now sinking to decay. I have read records of real estate transactions signed by John Washington and his son George—left on a court-house floor and stained by a mop. I have examined the poison-well that settled the fate of the first English colony on these shores—and not an ounce of protection given its crumbling bricks. I stood in the house in which Lord Cornwallis surrendered—whose chamberwalls are smeared by the soiled hands of children living there. I have walked along the weed-grown bank of a little creek that was Andrew Jackson's battle-front when he and his pirate allies ended the second war with the British—so unmarked now, so bereft of meaning that the caretaker of its monument "didn't rightly know." When I climbed the stairs of the prisonhouse of Bacon's Rebellion and read the message of a doomed man to his sweetheart two hundred years ago, the floor was rotting beneath me.

There is no end to what one can find by exploration in the South—things that the tourist never sees: ancient tombstones of illustrious patriots, with the lettering all but rubbed out by time and rain; relics left by the monster, Blackbeard, and the stern Morgan, and others who flew the Skull-and-Crossbones on the Spanish Main; the home built for Napoleon Bonaparte, in which plotters foregathered to scheme his rescue from St. Helena Rock just before he died. These solemn, awesome, witching places are pearls in an unpolished necklace, dim and lusterless and unappreciated. And they are only fragments in the stirring symposium, a mere drop in the ruby wine-glass. Yet how they prove the present waste!

If students of Southern history were employed, along with stone and brick masons and carpenters, plasterers and glass workers, plumbers and tinsmiths, painters and designers, iron workers and chimney sweeps, gardeners and horticulturists, road-makers and cartographers, and some earnest scrub-women with pails of soapy hot water, there would be no need of telling the world, for the results would speak for themselves. A host of Easterners, Northerners, and Westerners

would throng down, eager to see the one thing America has never produced: a pageant of our daring beginnings, our tragic struggles, our romantic interludes brought back to life, rounded out, tangible, actual.

Nobody seriously contests Dixie's preëminence in exciting American history. In song and story the fact is proved. Center of dazzling color and passionate blood, of arch roguery and sly intrigue under a yellow moon, of mad duels under a moss-hung oak, of fiery statesmanship and haughty disdain, of good and bad wrapped in one cloak, of superlative kindness and uncompromising severity in the same heart! Gorgeous rascals and gentle martyrs left their mark here. Brilliant wit sat often at Southern tables that renowned belles adorned. The hated Spaniard skulked in the bayou, the Indian on the ridge. Slavery created a life like none elsewhere. And the battleground was Dixie's—I should say, *is* Dixie's—with all the impressive "habiliments and appurtenances thereunto belonging."

Grand estates dignify the terrain, but for the dust and disrepair and weediness. From Tidewater Virginia to the Louisiana marshes, on craggy summit and in reposeful green valley, stand dwellings which are architectural personages, no less. Behind tall colonnades, framed in a massive doorway, such staircases as artists worship sweep downward from tapestried guest-rooms. Waxy magnolias guard the walks; purple wisteria drips from the stone slavefences; honeysuckle dapples the verandah and exhales that single scent comparable with the odor of orange blossoms. And yet—and yet—the mind's eye sees so much to bring back if things are to be as they were, if joy is to come in the morning.

What better time to bring them back! Ragged people wanting jobs!

Certain it is that the South needs house-paint. Nowhere would paint react in more glory. In their serene settings, these manor-houses are deserving of a beauty they do not express, but did once, and can again. Paint is lacking to restore their nobility, the blessed virtue of good white paint.

In new paint the Old South would live once more. In paint, in joyous white paint, these weather-wronged structures would smile at depression. White paint against the green and fuzzy pines, against the gray of moss-hung live-oaks! Stand lifeless and ashen and gaunt, the matchless homes of greatness; stand smudged ancestral piles, like rows of dirty faces begging in the rain. What they beg for is paint to quicken them to life. More kingly than kindness or cotton would be the spread of paint through whole dejected avenues. The idea now forming depends very heavily on paint. It is the one absolute essential.

Let towns be called together, now while labor is cheap and long. Let the poor give their arms; the paint concerns, their profit; the bank, its inactive resources. Here is one stock that cannot desert the investor: rich white paint! Nothing will so surely precipitate the profitable tourist invasion, and bring salvation to eight hundred thousand square miles of America from the Ohio to the Gulf and from the Mississippi to the sea. Dingy miles, jaundiced miles of which only a poet or a mother can say:

"Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around thy dear altar each wish of my heart
Will entwine itself lovingly still."

The insouciant South needs spurring at times, but it is waking to the thought that a squad of the unemployed with white paint, brushes, and ladders might draw to it the biggest business it has ever engaged in.

This "tip" has not reached me "by remote control." I have just concluded a 5000-mile motor trip through the Southern states, during which I caught the current drift in private homes. I read the sign of the times: "Tourist Rooms for Rent." In the proud South that is a sign. It means a new resolve, an acceptance of invaded privacy and restricted independence. They haven't come to that easily; but they *have* come to it. And, having found that nobody died of it, they are not flushing in shame when a paying guest drops in to register for a bedroom.

In northern Alabama, just across the Tennessee line, stands a quaint old mansion known as The Cedars. Intriguingly Southern, it was built in 1840 by a rich cotton-planter who lost it in the ensuing disaster. The present owners are also cotton-planters, but not rich. They meet the taxes by putting up strangers from the North.

We sat in the tall front room back of the line of pillars and discussed the economic need of putting on the first big Southern show since *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Mine host was speaking. "I bought this estate as a soahse of lahvlihood," he said. "It was the land I bought (though I believe he said 'bote'); the house was thrown in, and the buried gold and silvah plate that nevah was dug up. Well, suh, the land has done fooled me. Cotton—sho' enough—a mile of it, but it won't pay foh the pickin'. Cotton is sellin' at thihty dollahs a bale; foah bales to the ton. That bale you glimpse in the yahd would fill this room when it's fetched in from the field. When the gin-mill gets through with it, it's mostly a loss. And a big loss, suh."

I could see that if it was a loss it was a big loss. For two days I had driven past endless miles of incessant cotton. I knew that the annual crop averaged more than 14,000,000 bales. I could see, furthermore, that pickers, who got fifty cents a hundred pounds and rarely could pick two hundred pounds a day (even if planters could hire them), were sadly in need of plain cotton clothing. Cotton, cotton everywhere; and not a coat to own! We sat thinking hard of new uses for cotton to increase the demand and raise the price: wall-board of cotton to replace laths and paper; floor composition and cotton roofing material; car-wheels of compressed cotton; cotton stockings again—and women to wear them instead of cottoning to the heathen silkworm. In the end we gave it up. We were not inventors.

"But," said mine host, "the house is beginnin' to tote some of the load. All it needs is freshenin', and you No'thern folks enjoy ouah beds and climate. I reckon we got a powahful heap of interest to show you-all."

He wasn't lost to hope. Hard times, be it said, are not new here. Dixie has been reared on hard times, monstrous hard times, redoubtable and ghastly hard times. She was born in peril, bred in struggle, nourished on distress, baptised in bloody battle, robed in anguish. Her story reads like the well-known biography of Black Beauty or the grim life of Robinson Crusoe. With this distinction: that through it all she has managed to fashion for her harassed existence the most noble and notable retreats that ever rose in enchanted gardens. Remains now the task of washing, manicuring, redressing the grandeur of a relapsed Cinderella whose golden coach has shrunk to a pumpkin, and whose silks and satins and laces are—cotton.

That important restoration is taking place. The state of Virginia is up to the elbows in the job. Stratford, ancestral home of the history-making Lees, has undergone amazing rehabilitation. With the help of Rockefeller money, epochal Williamsburg is being entirely redone in the original style to reappear as the same old gem she was, a-down her mulberry lined Duke of Gloucester Street. Fredericksburg, fullest of all the colonial aroma, needs the least service to make John Paul Jones sally from his upstairs rooms, to call on Washington's mother in Kenmore house, to watch James Monroe create his famous Doctrine in the Rising Sun Inn. The town has fully as many evidences of that mad later day when Confederate blood ran in its gutters, should excitement be desired. Virginia would inspire a Scrooge, and Virginia knows it now.

But the other side of the picture is here and there alarming. Callow modern life has elbowed into precious haunts to blot out much fine significance, as in Mobile which grew up under five flags and which lives back of more hand-forged iron grill-work than any city out of Spain—all of it the patient work of slaves. Consider, too, the case of that superlative French Quarter in New Orleans, a square mile bordering on Canal Street, a square mile lifted bodily from D'Artagnan's Paris—and facing partial destruction at the hands of com-

merce. The inspiration of the Mardi Gras, the original walled city itself! The most alluring single sight in this new world, in lengths of grotesque, narrow streets, musty slave-galleries, and dreamy rear patios! That harsh life should ever wake its slumber! That office clerks and delivery trucks should ever "molest its ancient, solitary reign"! As well erect a factory on that patch of greensward where John Smith told his whopping tales to the whole English-speaking population of America without the aid of radio or amplifier—a handful of daring men and women and children huddled beside the big, turgid James River in deadly fear of scalping parties! As well clear a place for a sawmill in the midst of funny little St. Augustine perched beside her medieval fort for these four hundred years of growth and change that have touched her not a whit. Or make an iron-foundry out of Andrew Jackson's Hermitage, the Nashville shrine, as solemn and majestic and remote as Washington's Mount Vernon and Jefferson's Monticello.

Regardless of what our European cousins may think of us, we take our history with immense pride. No matter how vaguely we picture it, we rally to it commendably. When all's said and done, then, is there anything so delightful to the rank and file of us as confronting it in the life, examining the loop-holes or cannon-wounds in actual famed redoubts, measuring the narrow bit of ground that separated the smoking front lines at Chickamauga and picking up murderous minnie balls from the ground, standing in the center of The Crater, near Petersburg, where five thousand fighting men were blown to eternity by a blast of dynamite? Admitting frankly that we ourselves do not care to die, is there any thrill comparable to standing precisely where Davy Crockett stood in the doorway of the little front room in the Alamo and fired from the guns passed to him by the rest of the doomed Americans gathered there to sell their lives dearly before the bloody Santa Ana and his Mexicans finished them? If there is, we should probably find it in the church where Patrick Henry arose and delivered one of the three greatest orations in the

English language or in the pretty old house where Betsy Ross sewed the first American flag together or in the moldering crypt of the church in which John Rolfe married Pocahontas.

There they are—for how much longer? There they are—sometimes so hidden, so untended, so wasted by moths and weather that ignorance passes them by and the student is at a loss to place them.

Yet for the most part they have been treated with more consideration than their surroundings—which won't do. The surroundings set off the central figure and make the picture. A glamorous object, robbed of authentic atmosphere, leaves the imagination floundering. Abraham Lincoln's birthplace is no more that rude log cabin than the Kentucky hill it surmounts and the bubbling spring in the hollow below—as was realized when that cabin was transported to a distant world's fair. It isn't the bit of a jail in Williamsburg with its out-thrust beam on which a notorious pirate was hanged, but the full and proper setting of Williamsburg itself. A Spanish mission in Cleveland is a dull thing or else a monstrosity: in among the sun-baked hills of Southern California, set about with vineyard and cactus and reflecting the almost luminous haze sweeping to a painted horizon, it is fantastic life made comprehensible. A child can translate it.

It is not enough to patch up ancient Cabildos with fresh mortar, place stone tablets up and down the field of Chalmette, reconstruct an antique suite, or build a fine road to Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth. Virginia appreciated this at Williamsburg, but elsewhere the idea is only now forming. It takes the complete picture to make the wondrous scene, even though one small object in the picture is significant or absorbingly historical.

This is what makes England a veritable treasure-house to the vacationing traveler. Canny old England has made billions in tourist dollars from that fact. It is not that here Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded; in this stuffy little inn Samuel Johnson held forth irritably to a dozen men greater than himself; within this cottage one Will Shakespeare first

saw the light of day. It is doubtful if ten per cent of summer-time Atlantic voyagers, condemned in advance to sea sickness, would ever make the trip for such isolated matters of momentary satisfaction and conjecture. What packs them into England is that England is essentially English. The dark old Tower of London is caught in a perfect eddy of old England, and Big Ben clangs the hours. Lincoln's Inn Fields is pervaded by an ancient literary savor, so that realism is made ridiculously easy. The celebrated cottage on the Avon is ringed about by a geographic verity that fills the eye and makes the searcher sure of his Mecca. Cleopatra's Needle is as lost in Central Park as it would be in a giant haystack, and the Indian totem pole in Pensacola's public square gets a mere jerk of the thumb; but Warwick Castle is more than the ruin of an architectural wonder because one comes upon it through miles of scenery altogether in keeping.

I cry *bravo*, then, to a South that whispers of an intention to be in all verity what it was: a land of historical benignity. But it will take work and patience and even a little money to make it so. The trees must be pruned and the grass made green and springy. The houses, the manor-houses, the mansions must be swept and sweetened, granted minor or major operations, filled with the lovely light of a genial Southern sun reflected back from re-silvered mirrors. Personable old shops and smitheries and buildings of the old style, regardless of their lack of personal history, must contribute to the scene. An entire community must fling itself into the spirit of its fathers. And every hostelry in which the tourist stops must be steeped in the boiling of a time when the thing took place that the town would advertise.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, as the old saying has it. More strictly, it is in his mind, and he sees most fully what he thinks he sees. He gets the impression before the sight. For that reason it is more necessary to prepare the witness than to prepare the object at which he is to gaze. Give him the Old South in more than his black coffee; rather, in his first glimpse of the ante-chamber and in his night's repose.

No part of the country can do this so satisfactorily as the South. It is given to the Southerner to be at once hospitable and proud of the past. How blessed a thing is the fact that grand opportunity comes to those who can best grasp it!

In five thousand miles of Southern touring, from the wooded hills of Kentucky to the piney, palm-fringed sands of the Gulf, not one grouch did I discover. Purchase if I would, but any favor I might ask was quite apart from business. Friendliness was not weighed in silver—the friendliness of strangers to a stranger. It perched on a counter, hovered in a door or a yard. Business was a partial occupation for limited hours, but cordiality was in the nature of a—was in the nature.

The vivid red clay, banking highways in many parts of the South, was a seeming symbol of the warm, generous blood of the inhabitants. I traveled for two months through Dixieland and only once was barked at by a dog—when I all but stepped on him in the dark and the rain. This in spite of a plethora of hounds. I have asked directions in city and village and countryside, and never got a short or hasty answer. People saw me coming and came to meet me. They chatted and discussed, without arguing. They rooted for maps and drew rough sketches. They said, "Come back again and see us." I was never yelled at by a child. I was never urged to take the best meal in a cafe—nor did I suffer for willing service when I didn't.

I stopped at a plantation home that rented rooms, and was given the run of the big house and treated as company. Before I left to go to Birmingham, the family insisted that I plan to stay with relatives who lived in Birmingham, and the word was sent ahead. I accepted and went—to a genuine welcome. The front bedroom, nothing less—and something pleasant in the ice-box. I found that they never took roomers—as a rule.

The woman said, "I'd felt ow-ful bad if you hadn't come."

A division of the Southern populace is notoriously lazy, and laziness is apt to run to thievery. I have been warned against this. But I left an auto on the street throughout many

a night, and never lost a spare tire, a motor gadget, or a radiator cap—or anything else. I carried four or five sticks of sugar cane loose beside the trunk. It had been "fetched" out to me from a sugarmill at which I paused, interested. I carried the cane through two states—cane that "niggers" positively love to chew—and it was not taken, not a piece. In Lake Charles, Louisiana, I parked the car back of the hotel near the alley and left it there for two days, then discovered I had forgotten to lock it. On the seat were freshly cleaned gloves, a camera, a lady's hand-bag, a new brief case. What do they mean, thievery?

I am of the North. I weigh things by Northern standards and am continually amazed each time I venture into the South at the extras one gets that one hasn't paid for, and can't. It struck me as remarkable that a Mobile grocery clerk should tell me all about the dainty little Satsuma orange, should explain the two kinds of sugar cane, should ask me to taste the sorghum that he knew I had no use for. He made no bid to sell me anything. But these things were Southern, and he was proud of them.

He urged me to go down to the wharf and watch them unload bananas. A chamber of commerce or a retail merchants' association—at least in Minneapolis where I live—would not understand that any more than I.

"Good-bye. Come back and see us," he said at parting.

It runs in my head, that phrase: "Come back and see us." It is like a theme phrase from a review or a musical show. It is the South.

To a garage man I said, "The carburetor's clicking for some reason."

He removed the top, undid some fixings, squirted oil down through until the rasping sound ceased, put things back, and would take no money.

"You won't have any mo' trouble," he smiled. "Come back again."

West of Biloxi, Mississippi, a woman was unable to make her engine go. A truck-driver stopped, got himself greasy

investigating, and unscrewed sections of the gas-line and blew them out. He was glad to oblige.

At the cabin in Kentucky where Abraham Lincoln was born, I talked with a native. Studying that one little two-by-four room in which Nancy Hanks reared the backwoods rail-splitter to be something of a man, I wondered how the open fire was able to meet all her cooking needs.

The native said, "Yes, suh, that's the way they did. Had a trick about it. My own mothuh was that same kind. Yo' git used to ways."

So that explains it; the South has got used to ways, unbothered ways, friendly ways. Much of life is easy-going, and some things are neglected. The material results are often poor and discouraging. But the desire for social expression is never neglected. If *they* can bear the consequences, who is to find fault?

Much of the country is as undeveloped as ever. Mile upon mile with not a house, not a furrow. Room for all the forgotten men and their forgotten families. Millions of unclaimed acres that would only go for more worthless cotton. The economic answer is not there. Few industrial plants run to large employment figures. Chattanooga and Nashville have huge rayon factories; Louisville is a national printing center; Birmingham has become a second Pittsburgh; New Orleans handles immense shipping; and doubtless I am overlooking some other valuable activities. But they are noteworthy exceptions, rather than proper examples. The South has never seriously competed with the industrial North.

It is a pastoral tract, mining coal on a limited scale, doing some lumbering, raising some sheep. Its real wealth is in environment, peace, and recreation. To this sunny open-air sanitarium hundreds of thousands come every year. But what are they among so many? This should be a nation's solarium, its bucolic retreat from the ravages of neurasthenia, the place of spiritual stimulation. Those who have been taking long foreign voyages for the value of ocean air can get the full equivalent on two extensive seaboard—and save them-

selves continental and incontinental robbery. As I write this, France has decided to default her reparations payment, and indignant Americans have suggested a tourist boycott of the French country that has taken more from us in hotel tips than they owe us for certain slight favors during their recent fight for national life with a mighty insistent German army. It is refreshing to observe that here in the South we have our first opportunity to underbid competitive European prices.

But the main thing is that bookkeepers and budget-keepers and mother-in-law-keepers can afford Dixie inspiration in their little benzine buggies, and at the same time help to balance and stabilize the buying power of the dollar by spreading the spending of it over a territory much too stagnant for the country's good. That makes a sound and happy investment. Then the wage slave, heartened by beneficial change and stuffed with a new sense of national pride, can return in finer fettle to his toil; while the Southerners, rejoicing in a new breadth of hospitality they know so well how to express, can reduce the disastrous size of their cotton crop and show at last a fair profit in two legitimate enterprises.

It all depends on the ability of the South to put its house in order. No piece-meal activity will succeed, no half-way measures. The chain of Southern seductiveness must be complete. The ballyhoo of real estate sub-dividers would be out of tune with this splendid idea of Open House. The point is not for people of other sections to live here and thus tinge a provincial aspect with nondescript or cosmopolitan commonness. Indeed, one can smother a good thing by too much appreciation. A good slogan for the protection of Dixie communities which play up their charm is: "Love 'em and leave 'em!" Warwick will be Warwick only so long as vacationists don't pitch tents or rear apartment-houses too near it—which is to say that the commercializing of art and personality has a definite limit. But we have seen that ourselves in New England where a wholesale immigration from the south of Europe has sadly denatured the one other Colonial picture. And we saw as regrettable a sight in Florida when a dismal boom sped

"market players" thither to buy swamps of circus men for impossible phenomenal reinvestment. It happened that that modern Tower of Babel was shortly brought to nothing by a biblical confusion of languages.

Rather, each in his own tongue must stand for what he is.

Peculiarly, a second Yankee invasion of the Solid South is the keynote of this emancipating idea. But not the same kind of Yankee invasion; not an invasion of sharp steel and hot lead, but of minted silver and curious investigation—not strictly "a hair of the dog" method. Incidentally, the Yankee soldier and the despoiling carpetbagger were the last outsiders to see that wondrous, startling, original Dixie who from that time forward bartered her birthright for an indigestible mess of cotton.

As a result, the South has been "spitting cotton" since long before it went officially dry. Look away! Look away! Famed Southern cooks can have no truck with that raw stuff!

THE GREAT DECISION

J. FRED RIPPY

AFTER winning their independence, the Thirteen Colonies of English America moved steadily and with comparatively little hesitation toward a democracy. The liberated colonies of Spain and Portugal, on the contrary, doubted, wavered, and shifted back and forth, before making the final decision in favor of popular government. Even now, after more than a century of independent life, they rarely succeed in following orderly democratic procedures. The difference between the two groups was a profound one of race and heritage. In the one area dwelt men of a pure racial stock with long experience in freedom and self-government. The other was inhabited by a mixed population with traditions of servilism, oppression, and paternalism. If the Hispanic Americans had followed their traditions and what appeared to be the trend of the age, they would have taken the road of monarchy.

The search for good government had been one of humanity's long quests. Men had argued over political forms and mechanisms for centuries, and the issue was a very live one in Spanish America at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Let us take a rapid historical glance at the systems of government tried in Europe.

It will be recalled that the Greek philosophers discussed almost every conceivable form and furnished the Western World names for most of them: monarchy, aristocracy, oligarchy, plutocracy, theocracy, democracy, and so forth. At one time or another, certain portions of the Ancient World were governed under all these forms, and under republics, dictators, and tyrants as well.

For a thousand years—namely, during the Medieval Age—most of continental Europe was ruled by a theocracy (a pope and an emperor) aided by an oligarchy. Society was rather

static; a class system prevailed: men were divided into soldiers, clergy, and workers; but apparently they were contented.

This system, however, eventually gave way to monarchies supported in the main by a landed aristocracy, with ranks gradually augmented by merchants and bankers. The monarchs posed as theocrats, alleging divine appointment.

With the development of science—here employed in its broadest sense as learning—the divine sanction of the monarchs was questioned, and the rulers were compelled to find a new justification for their authority. They found it in the argument that they were best qualified to govern the state, most capable of giving their subjects security and happiness. But it gradually became evident not only that their rule was concerned mainly with the welfare of the aristocracy and the royal family, but that many of them were inefficient and corrupt. Moreover, they soon found themselves surrounded by ambitious lords striving for political power, as well as by new men of wealth demanding to be taken into the ruling group. The aristocracy expanded; wealthy commons gained a voice in the government; parliaments sprang up, seeking to limit the power of the monarchs; and finally the ancient republic, the more or less democratic republic, reappeared in Europe—reappeared and then vanished with the crowning and disappearance of Napoleon.

Thus, in 1816, just as the Spanish-American movement for independence was passing the futile stage and entering the period of substantial achievement, the Western World contained only one republic, and that republic was not in Europe. It was in America.

In Europe a reaction had swept away the institutions established by men inspired by the English philosophers of the seventeenth century and the French philosophers of the eighteenth. Absolute monarchs sat upon thrones almost everywhere save in England, where the king's power was limited by a Parliament by no means democratic.

Even in America the generous appreciation of the philos-

ophers for the innate wisdom and goodness of the common people had been rejected in part in the Philadelphia Constitution and in the various state constitutions. Jefferson and his followers had led a protest in 1800—a protest which had not greatly expanded the basis of political power; and while the Virginia dynasty, aided by a few men of democratic convictions in the several states, were carrying out modest Jeffersonian reforms, John Marshall was erecting the Supreme Court into a bulwark against the common mass. The people would have not precisely what they desired, but what Old Men of the bench considered it proper and expedient to give them.

Oh, Jacques Rousseau! Oh, Tom Paine! All your exuberant faith in the plain people had come to this! Not even the leaders of your first-born republic would fully trust them! If the people were white and had sufficient property, they might choose their executives and legislators, the highest of them indirectly, but these agents of the people would be held in check by the Supreme Court. Congressmen in caucus would choose the presidential candidates; state legislatures composed of men of property would select the senators and governors of the states; and Old Men in judicial robes would restrain them all.

Few had full confidence in the masses. Hamilton said the people were "a great beast"; Adams panted for an aristocracy; Jefferson confided in the wisdom of small farmers of the Caucasian race, but distrusted the urban proletariat of Europe and doubted the political capacity of the mixed and primitive population of Spain's former colonies.

It was in such a world that the nations of Hispanic America were born. The climate of opinion was apparently not favorable to democratic republics when the leaders of a dozen new nations toward the south took up the world-old problem of ascertaining the best form of government. Their attitude and immediate course would depend largely on their faith in the wisdom and character of the people of Hispanic America, and also in part perhaps on their desire to maintain special privileges for themselves.

Their decisions would be influenced to a considerable extent by contemporary thought, but they would also search out the political wisdom of the ages. One may observe them in their quest.

They turn to the Greek philosophers, and they find that the three who were reputed to be the wisest, distrusted the people.

Socrates speaks to them. He declares that democracy will lead to chaos because the people will not think, because the crowd will decide in haste and ignorance, to repent at leisure and in desolation. Men in crowds, he says, are violent and foolish, easily swayed by orators who "go ringing on in long harangues, like brazen pots which, when struck, continue to sound until a hand is put upon them." And the democracy of Athens had condemned him to die, condemned him because he questioned their traditions and insisted on preaching the gospel of aristocracy, and because he was an "atheist" who declared there was "only one God."

Plato informs them that democracy will destroy itself by its excesses. The people, he tells them, are not qualified to select the best rulers and the wisest policies. Having no understanding, they merely repeat what their leaders say. Loving flattery, "fond of honey," they will elevate to power any unscrupulous demagogue who poses as the "protector of the people." The chief problem of philosophy, he continues, is to devise a method of debarring incompetence and knavery from public office, and of selecting and preparing the best and wisest to rule for the common good. He proposes a method of his own, a government which is a mixture of democracy and aristocracy.

By Aristotle they are warned that neither a monarchy nor a democracy is the best form of government; monarchy is worse perhaps than democracy, but democracy has its grave defects. Government is too complex a thing to have its issues decided by mere numbers. Simpletons should neither elect magistrates nor call them to account. Democracy is based upon a false assumption of equality. It should not be assumed that men should be equal in political power merely because

they should be equal before the law in the courts. When such an assumption is acted upon, ability is sacrificed to numbers, and numbers are manipulated by trickery. Because the masses are fickle and easily deceived, the ballot should be confined to the intelligent, and public office to the most intelligent. Only the élite should vote, and none but the super-élite should govern.

The Hispanic-American leaders also read the history of Rome. But they are not greatly impressed save by the Consuls, the Censors, the Triumvirs, and the Dictators.

Passing over the Middle Ages, they consult Francis Bacon (1561-1626). They find that he, too, distrusts the people. "The lowest of all flatteries," he says, "is the flattery of the common people." When one is applauded by the multitude, one should surely ask, as did Phocian, "What have I done amiss?" Bacon approves a yeomanry of landowning farmers, advocates an aristocracy for administration and a philosopher-king.

They read Locke (1632-1704) only secondhand. His views reach them mainly through the writings of the French thinkers, through Jefferson's Declaration of Independence, and through Tom Paine's *Rights of Man*. Even so, they may discover that Locke does not renounce monarchy; he requires merely that his monarch be limited by the "social compact" and that the people ultimately have their way, even if this should require the overthrow of their monarchs.

The leaders of Hispanic America then turn once more to the men who supplied the dynamic ideas of their heroic struggle for independence: to the French Encyclopedists, to Thomas Jefferson, to Thomas Paine, to the framers of the Philadelphia Constitution. They observe that the statesmen at Philadelphia and the leaders of the United States rejected monarchy, but were divided as to the political capacity and reliability of common men. They observe also that the French *Philosophes*, while insisting on liberty, natural rights, equality before the law, and the ultimate sovereignty of the people, were not

flaming evangels of democracy. Montesquieu even idealized the British form of government.

Thus the Hispanic-American intellectuals searched and debated. The outstanding warriors, with the possible exception of Artigas, Santander, and Bolívar (during his early career), were opposed to republics, at least to democratic republics. San Martín, Belgrano, Alvear, Iturbide, and others were frankly in favor of monarchs. Bolívar later advocated life senators and presidents, and it was even rumored that he would not object to a monarch. Sucre seems to have accepted the conservatively republican ideas of his great chief. Iturbide grasped the imperial scepter; O'Higgins became dictator in Chile; Páez offered Bolívar a crown; the Negro leaders of Haiti became "Imperial Majesties."

But the democratic republic seems to have been "obscurely linked with the destiny" of the Americas. All monarchical plans eventually failed in Spanish America either because they were opposed by the United States, or because monarchs were difficult to find, or because the people refused to tolerate them. The emperors of Haiti were soon deposed or assassinated; Iturbide was driven from Mexico in 1823; the ephemeral Maximilian was shot in 1867; and Portuguese Brazil, which was the scene of a republican uprising as early as 1817, finally unseated its monarch in 1889. Hispanic America was fated to be a land of republics, and a land of chaos and dictatorships as well. Plato had predicted centuries before that democracies composed of masses of unenlightened men would end in tyranny. For Hispanic America it all appears to have been inevitable.

Waldo Frank, in a half fanciful description of the famous interview between Bolívar and San Martín at Guayaquil, Ecuador, in 1822, presents the situation in tragic relief:

San Martín: Ideals can be dangers. . . . An ideal form of government cannot be successfully willed upon a people. . . .

Yes, the republic is the ideal form. . . . It rises organically from the will of a close-knit, tranquil nation. Its technique of action is the peaceful creating and spreading of public opinion by a ruling class in accord with all the other classes. A common language, a common

religion, economic mutuality, literacy, accessibility of [all its territory], the sense of common enterprise, and a strong middle class in control of the economic life and in contact with the masses—are the prerequisites of the republic. Some of the cities of Greece possessed them, the homogeneous United States of North America possess them. Compact, commercially harmonious countries like Switzerland, France, even England, possess these prerequisites of the republic. We have none of them. Absolutely none.

Bolívar: I know it.

San Martín: Of course you know it. . . . Our countries are vast wildernesses, it takes weeks and months to traverse them. In some parts live Indians with their own deep-rooted cultures, in other parts live creoles, [in other Negroes, mulattoes, and mestizos]. There are no possible means of communication between these alien cultures; there is no common enterprise to communicate. Our ruling group is not a middle class, it is feudal. It has recognized only two loyalties in the past, a Court and a Church. It cannot suddenly change its nature. Only a Court, founded on the common Catholic religion, can bind this ruling class together and keep it in its place and serve to spread loyalty and control throughout the masses.

Bolívar: Why have we freed America?

San Martín: Surely not to plunge it into chaos! A liberal monarchy under the support of the ruling classes would bring order, dispel personal ambitions, preserve the hierarchies, encourage economic growth and the arts. . . .

We have freed America, surely, for ourselves. . . . So that we Americans may have peace, . . . happiness. . . .

Bolívar: General, . . . you are wrong. I care nothing for peace. I know no happiness. Do they exist? Do you think I have permitted the death of thousands, the burning of cities, the starving of children, for a happiness in whose existence I do not believe? for a peace which was infinitely surer under Spain? . . .

San Martín: It need not be.

Bolívar: No. You are right. We can insure ourselves against it. Having driven out the rule of Spain, we can set up Spanish states to replace it.

San Martín: That is not what I propose. I propose monarchies, liberal and constitutional, fashioned after that of England, with North American laws.

Bolívar: We are not North America, we are not England. Monarchy in our nations, as you have said, would be feudal. It would rely on a feudal caste, it would make feudal serfs of the Indian and the Negro. It would change nothing. American kings instead of a Spaniard—it that what we have fought for?

San Martín: Then you have fought for chaos?

Bolívar: Yes. Have it so. I have fought, perhaps, for chaos.

San Martín: The name of a king frightens you, though it bring order. The name of a republic soothes you, though it bring anarchy.

Bolívar: There is much in a name. A name is an ideal. A name calls our vision close; and, as we repeat it, holds it ever present. All growth is in a name, all that is human. . . .

San Martín: Chaos and anarchy—these will be the facts you so splendidly name republics.

Bolívar: The name will outlast the anarchy and chaos. The reality of the name (being the true will of the people) will rise from the disorder. . . . The *form* of the republic alone is possible for us. But this form will be the threshold to a human freedom and a human potentiality which no republic as yet has ever dared approach. You are wrong, General. The name of the republic does not soothe me, it frightens me. I know our America, and love it. I see the nameless things—bloodshed, tyranny, treason—which the name of the republic will call out from the depths. The nameless things! We must go through this dreaded passage, to find our future. The republic is only the opening door. Do you not see? What we go toward, through the republic, is also nameless—it is unborn America.

San Martín: I see, General, our duty as guardians of an infant people.

Bolívar: Let them be infants! Could the child mature, if he were prevented from living the child's life, and if he were not made constantly aware that his heritage is manhood? A people under a monarchy may be well nursed—and perpetually condemned to childhood. . . .

We shall not see, nor the generation after us, the America we are founding. This world we are in is not even a child, it is a chrysalis. There will be a metamorphosis of the *physical* life; there will come finally a recasting of all the races, which will result in the unity of the people. . . .

Such a metamorphosis must be preceded by transition. And transition is agony. Perhaps a hundred years of chaos are before us. We shall go down in it my friend; have no doubt of that. The monarchic order you would impose might save us. It might protect America from chaos—the chaos of birth.¹

The two great soldiers separated. San Martín soon left for Europe, nostalgic exile, and death in a foreign land. Bolívar finished the work of liberation, found Spanish America ungovernable, declared that he had "ploughed the sea." But he could not turn back; perhaps he did not wish to turn back. Reviled, dying, he fled from Bogotá. The chaos had come—republics and chaos.

¹ Waldo Frank, *America Hispana* (New York: Scribner's Sons, 1931), pp. 297 ff.

ELIA AND "THE INDICATOR"

NETTIE S. TILLET

ON December 27, 1934, at one by the clock, a hundred years will have elapsed since the Saturday afternoon on which Charles Lamb violated his own injunction upon his sister Mary that she must die first—an injunction to which she had quietly replied, "Yes, I must die first"—and sank into death as placidly as into sleep. He dropped off murmuring the names of friends—"Moxon, Procter, and some other old friends," we are told by Talfourd, who had been summoned to the bedside. No doubt Talfourd's own was among them, but just whose were the last names uttered by the immortal Elia we shall never know.

Surely it was most fitting that Charles Lamb should pass out of life with the names of old friends upon his lips. He was at his best when in the midst of them; and if ever literature took its roots in genial companionship and waxed great under its warmth, it did so in the *Essays of Elia*. One or two of Lamb's friendships have been justly celebrated, but at least one of them was more interesting and significant than posterity has realized: it is the friendship with Leigh Hunt, or "the Indicator"—as Lamb himself suggested that Hunt be called after he had launched a charming little journal with that title:

"The Indicative is your potential mood.

Wit, poet, proseman, partyman, translator,

Hunt, your best name yet is *Indicator*."

Time has verified Lamb's judgment; and Leigh Hunt is remembered today, despite the many allurements which his chaotic life offers to the "new biographer," mainly as the one who pointed out the genius of Keats and Shelley to a generation that did not recognize it. No unworthy claim to the gratitude of subsequent generations! But Leigh Hunt's claim goes further: it presses also upon the affection of every devotee of Charles Lamb. For according to the distinguished

biographer of Lamb, Mr. E. V. Lucas, it was Hunt who, in the pages of one of his publications, first afforded Lamb the "encouragement to spread his wings with some of the freedom that the essayist demands." And he adds that had Lamb lacked the preliminary training which his essays in Hunt's journal gave him, the Elia essays would have been the poorer. Likewise Mr. Edmund Blunden, chief authority on Leigh Hunt of our time, notes in his *Leigh Hunt's "Examiner" Examined*: "In a manner, Hunt was as early on the scene when Lamb's genius arrived as when Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, and many others of less renown first appeared in literature." Nor was Hunt present merely at the arrival. Reviews of Lamb's works, citations from his prose and verse, and loving references to him are found in Hunt's pages from time to time throughout his long career as a man of letters. For this reason the reader who, like Macaulay, feels "a kindness for Leigh Hunt" is at first inclined to disappointment that Mr. Blunden has not brought him and Lamb closer together in the pages of his *Charles Lamb and His Contemporaries*—an excellent supplement to Mr. Lucas's great biography, the two together furnishing an almost perfect study of Lamb. A closer perusal of the book reveals, however, that there has in reality been no slight to Leigh Hunt, though his name appears on few pages. The quarrel is only with the title—the *And His Contemporaries* in its being superfluous. The author directs his course toward Charles Lamb and falls into none of the tempting bypaths that lead to his many great contemporaries. There is far more of Lamb in Mr. Blunden's *Leigh Hunt and His Circle* than of Hunt in his *Charles Lamb and His Contemporaries*. And that is as it should be, provided we do not lose sight of Hunt's service to Lamb's genius or their friendship. For though that friendship at no time possessed the warm intimacy which existed between Lamb and Coleridge or Manning on the one side or between Hunt and Shelley on the other, there was genuine and fruitful affection in it. Hunt once wrote that he was always afraid of talking about the Lambs lest his tropical blood should seem to render him too

florid; and just after Lamb's death he wrote Forster that he thoroughly understood some points in Lamb's character, "owing to fellow-suffering of no common sort." Indeed, one or two of Hunt's comments display a closer affinity between him and Lamb than is found elsewhere—such a comment, for instance, as that in the *Indicator* when he says that he "thought how natural it was in Charles Lamb to kiss an old folio as I once saw him do to Chapman's Homer," or when he says of Lamb's library that the very perusal of the backs of his books is "a discipline of humanity." Altogether the friendship of Lamb and Hunt has bequeathed us many a witty comment and illuminating scene, and it has real significance for one who likes to sojourn occasionally in literary London of a little less than a century ago.

The beginning of the friendship between Hunt and Lamb will probably never be uncovered. The first bond between them seems to have been the charity school which in their generation was to loom great in the world of letters—Christ Hospital. Not that they were schoolfellows there. When Hunt entered the school in 1791, Lamb had been away two years. But he often revisited his friends there, and on at least one of the visits, and probably on others, Hunt saw him and was impressed with his "fine intelligent face." "Little did I think then," he comments later, "I should have the pleasure of sitting with it in after times as an old friend and seeing it careworn and still finer." At this time, however, Hunt did not know Lamb as Lamb, but heard the boys address him as "Mr. Guy"; and Lamb apparently had no personal intercourse with the "timid and ultra-sympathizing" lad who was later to leave the best picture of the school and the best contemporary estimate of Lamb's work. The appellation, "Mr. Guy," Lamb had acquired one November evening upon a visit to some of his schoolfellows. He had appeared in a round hat with an unusually large and flapping brim. The boys were amused by it. (Christ Hospitalers were, no doubt, especially observant of hats, because their own—"no larger than crumpets," according to Hunt—were usually carried in their hands and

were only occasionally slapped on the side of their heads for the amusement of old ladies on the streets. Hunt himself found the wearing of a hat the strangest part of his readjustment when he emerged from Christ Hospital.) So the boys amused themselves on that November evening by pinning up the brim of Lamb's hat in such a way as to make a cocked hat of it. Lamb, doubtless to humor them—"the abstract idea of the jest of the thing prevailing in his mind (as it always does)," so Hazlitt said of him in somewhat similar circumstances, "over the sense of personal dignity"—promised to wear it home without removing the pins; and so he did. But as he walked down Ludgatehill, he came upon some carousers. They rushed upon him, one of them exclaiming, "The veritable Guy!—no man of straw!" And having made a seat of their arms, they lifted him into it and carried him as far as St. Paul's churchyard. Lamb retained the name among his friends, and Hunt not sharing the joke, thought the "fine intelligent face" belonged to Mr. Guy, just as did a London clergyman who, long afterwards, told Le Grice, narrator of the anecdote, that for more than thirty years he had interchanged nods with a gentleman called Guy to whom Le Grice had introduced him, but that he did not know Charles Lamb.

Just how many years Hunt was confused from the same nickname we do not know. He undoubtedly, while at Christ Hospital, heard of Lamb and seems to have drawn consolation from the reputation which Lamb had left behind him there. Like him, Lamb had been only a "Deputy-Grecian," not a "Grecian." The latter term was reserved for the student preparing to go up to Cambridge or Oxford, and eventually to enter the church. He was expected to be far into Sophocles and Euripides in his Greek studies. The "Deputy-Grecian," not so deep in his classical studies, was next to the "Grecian" in rank among his fellows. Lamb and Hunt probably missed being "Grecians" for the same reason—both of them stammered, and one who did so could never hope to deliver a public speech before he left school or enter the university to prepare for the church, as "Grecians" were expected

to do. Hunt seems to have outgrown the stammering, but Lamb did not outgrow it.

The first substantial evidence of acquaintance between the families of Hunt and Lamb came with the publication of Hunt's *Juvenilia* (1801). Among the many flourishes with which that collection of poems "written between the ages of twelve and sixteen by J. H. L. Hunt, Late of the Grammar School of Christ's Hospital" bowed before the public was a list of a hundred or more subscribers. In the list is found "Lamb, J., esq., South Sea House." Whether Charles Lamb's only brother, John Lamb (or James Elia) sponsored Leigh Hunt's first work because of interest in ambitious Christ Hospital boys, or whether the somewhat pompous James Elia simply enjoyed the Maecenas rôle we cannot be sure, but his name does adorn one of the first pages of the *Juvenilia* and brings nearer together the greater Lamb name and the name of Leigh Hunt. It is not altogether improbable that Charles Lamb became interested in Hunt through the *Juvenilia* as did Lord Byron.

For the next nine years, however, there is nothing to establish the acquaintance even of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt. Nevertheless, at some time during those years the friendship got definitely under way, for in 1810 Lamb appeared in Hunt's *Reflector*. Just how the friendship began we can only surmise. Lamb states distinctly that "accident" introduced him to the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt. Whether or not Lamb's phrase can be stretched to include introduction by other Christ Hospital boys or mutual friends is doubtful unless perhaps we except George Dyer, around whose name cluster innumerable blunders and "accidents." It would be very pleasant to think that it was George Dyer who brought them together—George Dyer, about whom Lamb threatened more than once to write a novel. From 1798 on, Dyer was one of Lamb's principal friends, and Dyer was also a subscriber to Hunt's *Juvenilia*. Both Hunt and Lamb seem to have been much with Dyer at this time, and Lamb speaks of him as having introduced him to many persons: "George brings all sorts

of people together, setting up a sort of agrarian law or common property in the matter of society." Certainly Hunt and Lamb must have had many a merry laugh together over Dyer's well-nigh preposterous absent-mindedness and guilelessness. The enjoyment of what he called George Dyer's "aquatic excursion" seems never to have worn thin for Charles Lamb. The excursion occurred when Dyer marched, staff in hand and in broad daylight, straight from Lamb's door into the New River that ran directly in front of it. And Hunt could match this anecdote. It was to his home that Dyer returned one night to recover one of his shoes, which he had dropped under Hunt's table and the loss of which he had not observed until he had traveled a short distance. Hazlitt called Dyer "one of God Almighty's gentlemen," and Hunt spoke of him as a Goldsmith with the genius taken away and the goodness left. It would be pleasant indeed to think that the former Christ Hospital Grecian—"George Dyer of Burlesque memory," as Lamb once wrote—first brought Lamb and Hunt together. Certain it is that the bond between them grew the tighter because of mutual friendships with Dyer and other Christ Hospital boys.

In 1810 Leigh Hunt, a young man of twenty-six, with considerable reputation as the editor of the bold and at that time flourishing *Examiner*, began the *Reflector*. It was established as a mouthpiece for the ex-literati of Christ Hospital. Through its pages Charles Lamb first publicly launched into the field of the essayist, and in those pages first found "some of the freedom that the essayist demands." Lamb did not, says Mr. Lucas, make the fullest use of the new freedom that Hunt's liberal pages offered him nor show himself the "chartered egotist" that he afterwards became, but he did secure from the "*Reflector* exercises" a preliminary training without which the Elia essays would have been the poorer. Among the so-called "*Reflector* exercises" are to be found the "Essay on the Tragedies of Shakespeare," the "Essay on the Paintings of Hogarth," and an essay later incorporated in the Elia essays—"A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behaviour of Mar-

ried People"—altogether quite enough to endow a journal with immortality. The fact that Charles Lamb first entered into the field of the essay under his wing undoubtedly furnishes another laurel to be added to those which association with the early work of Keats and of Shelley has placed upon the brow of Leigh Hunt. And it is this laurel which has been too frequently overlooked.

In the next two years Hunt seems to have become an integral part of the Lamb circle. Crabb Robinson in his *Diary* often mentions finding him at the Lamb home. He notes his presence there in 1812 while he was being sued for libel. The trial and subsequent imprisonment that Hunt endured undoubtedly cemented his friendship with Lamb. It reached its height during that time. The Lambs, Hunt said, came to him in prison to comfort him "in all weather, hail or sunshine, in daylight or darkness, even in the dreadful frost and snow of the beginning of 1814"; and again he declared that he owed to Lamb some of the lightest hours of his captivity.

It has been suggested that Lamb was especially solicitous about Hunt during his imprisonment because he felt responsible for some of the hostility evinced toward the editor of the *Examiner*. Lamb had anonymously joined Hunt in what Mr. Blunden calls "a brief, but punishing bombardment of the Regent." One week before Hunt's so-called libel on the Prince Regent, Lamb's "The Triumph of the Whale" had appeared in the *Examiner*. The sentiment of it was certainly not such as would turn away the already aroused wrath of the Prince and his friends. In the poem Lamb, after describing the "finny people's king" as the fattest fish floundering among the seas, swilling a world of drink, and being followed by all the monsters of the deep from singing mermaids to crooked dolphins, with "flat fish" for his courtiers, concludes with these lines:

"Name or title what has he?
Is he Regent of the Sea?
* * * * *
Say what appellation suits.
By his bulk and by his size,

By his oily qualities,
 This (or else my eyesight fails),
 This should be the *Prince of Whales*."

While official notice could hardly be taken of this, Lamb doubtless rightly felt that he had helped clench the case against Leigh Hunt and his brother John, who published the paper. The explosion came with Hunt's unnecessarily frank and truthful comment upon some fulsome flattery of the Prince, in which he had been called "the Maecenas of the age," "an Adonis of loveliness," "the Glory of his people!" Hunt hastened to explain that in reality the Prince did not patronize a single deserving writer, that he was a corpulent man of fifty, that he was a violator of his vows, a libertine, over head and ears in disgrace, and the subject of the sneers and reproaches of millions of his countrymen.

Leigh Hunt passed the two years following this outburst in Surrey Gaol. There he fitted up an apartment for himself and his family, the like of which Lamb assured him was not to be found outside a fairy tale. The walls were papered with a trellis of roses, and the ceiling with clouds and the sky. The bars of the windows were concealed with Venetian blinds. In the room were placed Hunt's bookcases, his pianoforte, his busts of the poets, and plenty of flowers. Outside his window was a garden enclosed with green palings in which he could walk, and where he raised such heartsease as Tom Moore declared he had never seen.

The walls of Hunt's prison, which *Blackwood's Magazine* warned him should hear only sighs of contrition, echoed many a witty stammer from Charles Lamb. On rainy or snowy evenings, wrote Hunt in his *Epistle to Lamb* (1816), he and his wife always poked up the fire and got out tea for the Lambs.

"And there, sure as fate, came the knock of you two.
 Then the lanthorn, the laugh, and the 'Well, how d'ye do?'"

* * *

"Then your palms tow'rds the fire, and your face turned to me,
 And shawls and greatcoats being—where they should be,—
 And due 'never saw's' being paid to the weather,

We cherished our knees, and sat sipping together,
And leaving the world to the fogs and the fighters,
Discussed the pretensions of all sorts of writers."

There was perhaps some sense of duty in the solicitude of the Lambs while Hunt was in prison. But there was something more. Lamb unquestionably enjoyed Leigh Hunt. Publicly he called him one of the most cordial-minded men he had ever known and "matchless as a fireside companion." Nor was Lamb alone within his group in paying tribute to the goodfellowship of Hunt. Hazlitt found him "intoxically charming," and compared his conversation to champagne as he did Lamb's to snapdragon. Hunt, he says, "told a story capitally, mimicked an actor or acquaintance to admiration [we have, by the way, Crabb Robinson's statement that Hunt mimicked Hazlitt capitally], laughed with great glee at his own or other people's jokes, understood the point of an equivocal or observation immediately, and had continual sallies of wit or fancy and a set of by-phrases and quiet allusions always at hand to produce a laugh." Even Byron expressed a desire for the companionship of Leigh Hunt when he was bored in Italy, and Shelley often yearned for it. Surely Lamb, with his zest for humanity, enjoyed such a man. Procter noted that Lamb often engaged in repartee with Hunt, and testified that Lamb saw much of Hunt and always valued him. It was hardly a guilty conscience alone that prompted all of Lamb's visits to Surrey Gaol.

In fact, Mr. Lucas is of the opinion that the old bachelor and his maiden sister trudging, lantern in hand, through snow or rain to the prison, were cheered by the welcome which they expected from Thornton Hunt. This "guileless traitor, rebel mild," Leigh Hunt's oldest child, had so captured Lamb's affection that he published a little poem "To T. L. H.," in which he addressed him as his favorite child. Lamb also refers to Thornton in "Witches and Other Night Fear." He no doubt had many a merry romp with him.

During 1813, the first year of the imprisonment, there appeared in the *Examiner* a number of short articles in which

Charles Lamb's hand has been detected. Among them is a letter claiming that the actor Suett is author of the *Letters of Junius*; this Mr. Blunden has identified as Lamb's work. The same hand continued to appear in the *Examiner* during the remaining years of the decade, and in 1819 became somewhat frequent. In February of that year came the delightful "Valentine's Day." Early in the same year Hunt fulfilled a promise to himself and to his public when, to use his own phraseology, he fairly sat down to the enjoyment of the first two volumes of Lamb's works. Again he led his entire age in capturing the genius of a writer. Among other tributes he says that there is not a deeper or more charitable observer in existence than Lamb, and that he possesses none of the abhorrent self-loves that belong to lesser understandings. "He seems to think that poetry as well as prose has done enough, when it reconciles men to each other as they are. . . . He desires no better Arcadia than Fleet-street; or at least pretends as much for fear of not finding it." And Hunt rejoiced that Lamb was beginning to receive his proper praise, after waiting for it in "the most quiet and unassuming manner perhaps of any writer living."

Hunt, both before and after the imprisonment, was present at more than one of Lamb's famous "evenings"—Thursdays first and then Wednesdays. Several years later, homesick in Italy, he conjured them up by means of his "Wishing Cap": Charles Lamb, why didst thou ever quit Russel Street? Why didst thou leave the warm crowd of humanity which thou lovest so well to go shiver on the side of the New River, enticing thy many friends to walk in? Were friends and sittings up at night too attractive, and was there no other way to get rid of them? . . . What would I not give for another Thursday Evening? It was humanity's triumph: for whist-players and no whist-players there for the first time met together. Talk not to me of great houses in which such things occur; for there the whist-players are gamblers, and the no-whist players are nobody at all. Here the whist was for its own sake, and yet the non-players were tolerated. But the triumph went further. . . .

And Hunt mentions, one after the other, the entire heterogeneous group that gathered about Lamb, from old Captain Burney, who had been around the world and who was so

"wrapped up in tranquility and whist" that Hunt never had the courage to address him; to his "brother reformer, W. H." [William Hazlitt], who "came to rest his disappointment and paradoxes"; and to Mary Lamb, whose very name makes him wish that he had "the art, like the old writers of dedications of at once loading thee with panegyrics and saving the shoulders of thy modesty." Hunt's heart leaps up and dances at the very memory of those evenings.

Speaking of the same occasions Hazlitt says, "In our flowing cup many a good name and true was freshly remembered." He adds that "Wit and good fellowship was the motto inscribed over the door." No one could have fitted in with such atmosphere better than Leigh Hunt, famed for his animal spirits and his warm tropical blood. Hunt was present on the evening when the conversation turned to "Persons One Would Wish to Have Seen," which Hazlitt recorded. It was doubtless at one of these gatherings that the ever-credulous Dyer whispered into Hunt's ear (for Hunt as a public writer should know) the startling secret which Lamb had just confided to him: namely, that Lord Castlereagh had confessed to the authorship of the *Waverley* novels. We are, in fact, indebted to Hunt for the preservation of some of Lamb's most fantastic humor. It was to Hunt, as they strolled home after an evening which Coleridge had monopolized with a theological disquisition, that Lamb said, "You mustn't mind Coleridge, Hunt; he's so full of his fun."

The Lambs often journeyed to Hunt's home, too, during these years. In the famous Southey letter Lamb states that he was admitted to Hunt's household for years. There it was that Procter first met him in 1817. "Hunt never gave dinners," says Procter, "but his suppers of cold meat and salad were pleasant and cheerful; sometimes the cheerfulness (after a 'wassail bowl') soared into noisy merriment. I remember one Christmas or New Year's evening when we sat there till two or three o'clock in the morning and when jokes and stories and imitations so overcame me that I was nearly falling off my chair with laughter." This, Dobell thinks, is the convivial

evening described as at Lamb's in Procter's "Twelfth Night"—a piece which was ascribed to Lamb in the unauthorized edition of the *Essays of Elia* published in Philadelphia in 1828. And Hunt describes, in a letter to Mary Shelley in 1819, a "most glorious Twelfth Night—with tea in the study at half-past six (in the morning), and the women sparkling to the last." During these years, the Novellos, the Clarkes, the Lambs, and the Hunts often gathered first in one home and then in another for supper and conversation. The meals, by common consent light, usually consisted of cold meats, salads, Parmesan cheese (this to humor Hunt's fondness for Italy—which was, before his sojourn there, very great). Hunt thus beautifully recalls Lamb's presence at Novello's home on Oxford Street: "C. L. came there sometimes 'to wonder at our quaint spirits,' with a quainter spirit of his own. He would put up with no anthems but Kent's and with no songs but *Water Parted from the Sea*. His sister humbly suggested, at a beautiful passage in Mozart, that she thought there was some merit in that. He would not hear of it. What was the consequence? Why, that he got himself loved by everybody in spite of his intolerance; which, with him, is apt to have more humanity in it than the liberality of other men." Often the group picnicked together near Hunt's home in Hampstead. On April 24, 1819, Hunt mentioned to Shelley "a sort of conversazione at Lamb's with whom Alsager and I have renewed the intercourse, with infinite delight, which sickness interrupted," and added that "one of the best consequences of this is that Lamb's writings are being collected for publication by Ollier, and are now, indeed, going through the press. So we have still proofsheets fluttering about us."

From 1819 on, however, such pleasant intercourse between Hunt and Lamb became rarer and rarer. By that time misfortunes were about to overwhelm Leigh Hunt. And it was to Shelley, though he was in Italy, that Hunt turned in his trouble. By 1820 Hunt was reduced to a really desperate condition. Suffering from nervousness and what he refers to as biliousness, he became a mere shadow of himself, unable

John
C. L. in France
married 12 '22

to write. He was followed about his bare home by six ragged children and a tubercular wife—a spectacle too trying, no doubt, upon the feelings of the gentle Elia and upon his sister's unstable emotions. A letter from Lamb to Charles Cowden-Clarke about 1821 apologizes for neglect of Hunt, a neglect which Clarke seems to have gently rebuked. Lamb replies that Hunt's home at Hampstead is out of the pale of his visitation. He is, he says, himself an invalid who pays dearly for the Novello suppers. But he blesses Clarke for his own kindness to Hunt and himself promises to do better. In 1819 Lamb greeted Hunt's new publication, the *Indicator*, with the enthusiastic poetic tribute, a part of which has been quoted above. He and Mary felt that it contained Hunt's best work, and with their evaluation posterity has concurred.

Charles Lamb was among the friends who "with much regret" bade Hunt farewell at his boat on the November Sunday when he embarked for his ill-starred journey to Italy. Lamb's regret was doubtless aggravated by the realization that the venture for which Hunt sailed away—the launching of the *Liberal* with Byron and Shelley, for neither of whom Lamb cared particularly—was unwise. Lamb was much impressed, however, by the family group huddled together in the lounge of the little vessel and spoke affectionately of the Hunt children as a freight of love heavy enough to steady any boat. Yet, it is true, a few months later he wrote to Barron Fields that "Shelley, the great atheist, has gone down by water to eternal fire," and that "Hunt and his young fry" are left stranded at Pisa to be adopted by the remaining duumvir, Lord Byron. Then he adds, significantly no doubt (for many of Hunt's friends felt that he accepted donations and so-called "loans" too lightly from Shelley's and other generous hands), that the only use he can find for friends is that "they do to borrow money of you—Henceforth I will consort with none but rich rogues." One very delightful letter from Lamb to Hunt escaped the destruction which most things suffered in the Hunt household. In it his whimsicality breaks forth, among other things, with the announcement that Novello has

turned Methodist—Hunt's pet abomination being Methodists. He begs Hunt to accept "this imperfect notelet for a letter; it looks so much the more like conversing on nearer terms"; and he ends with "love to all the Hunts, old friend Thornton and all."

It was during Hunt's absence in Italy that Lamb answered what he considered an attack by Southey upon himself, Hazlitt, and Hunt. Lamb nowhere shows more courage than in this public letter in which he championed two men who were drawing calumny not only upon their own heads but upon those of their friends, for the great Edinburgh reviewers seemed determined to silence "the Cockney School," as they termed the Hunt circle. In the letter Lamb paid the high tribute to Hunt already referred to. To be acclaimed by Elia himself "matchless as a fire-side companion" should be sufficient to insure the immortality of a less worthy name than that of Leigh Hunt.

After three doleful years in Italy, Hunt and his family started back to London. Their journey to Italy by water having taken them so long that Peacock called it a modern version of the *Odyssey*, they returned by land. They were carried safely over the Alps by a little Italian rogue whose resemblance to Charles Lamb brought them many a laugh.

The apparent infrequency of the Lamb letters to the Hunts in Italy is rather inexplicable. There Hunt was far more wretched than he had been in Surrey Gaol, where Lamb had striven so for his comfort. Lamb was the prince of letter writers; Hunt was a most appreciative recipient of them and dispatched delightful replies to them. It is true that at the time Lamb was much involved with the essays. On one occasion he wrote Hunt, "They keep dragging me on, a poor worn mill-horse, in the eternal round of the damned magazine; but 'tis they are blind, not I." Doubtless, too, some of the letters were destroyed in the "hugger-mugger" Hunt household (as Mrs. Carlyle called it). At any rate the kindest feelings persisted between the two men.

For some years after his return to London, Hunt, much

shaken by his bitter experience with Byron and by other misfortunes and perhaps by really vicious criticism, lived the life of a recluse. At times he was reduced to direst want, his bread supply being actually cut off. At the same time Mary Lamb's mental lapses were becoming more and more frequent and more lengthy. In 1826 Lamb wrote Hunt that he was "almost in the eleventh week of the longest illness my sister ever had, and no symptoms of amendment—If she ever gets well, you will like my house, and I shall be happy to show you Enfield country." In the same letter he replies to a request from Hunt for his portrait (probably to be used in *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries*, which, though it did not appear until 1828, was already under way) that his head is perfectly at Hunt's service, "either Myer's or Hazlitt's, though H.'s is in a queer dress and M.'s would be preferable *ad populum*." Then he adds that he "would be proud to hang up as an alehouse sign even, or rather, I care not about my head or anything, but how we are to get well again,"—all of which shows the abandon of intimate friendship, but also that the "evenings worthy of the Gods" already belonged to the past. By the early 1830's Lamb was falling into a state so feeble that he could only rarely visit Coleridge ("thou more than a brother," he had once called him) now for many years residing on Highgate Hill and himself walking even more rapidly into the undiscovered country about which Lamb would never permit his fancy to play long. Coleridge entered it in July, 1834, and Lamb in the last month of the same year.

In the intervening months Lamb often broke suddenly upon the conversation of friends with "Coleridge is dead!" after which exclamation he would revert to common topics. Certainly it was Coleridge's "great and dear spirit" that haunted him as he stumbled about in those last days. And Hunt, as his life gently ebbed out years later—in 1859—conjured up not the genial Elia, but a dearer friend. With death creeping upon him, he grew more and more reminiscent of Shelley. Certainly it was not the most intimate friendship that Hunt and Lamb had developed. But it was indeed well that they

had known and loved each other. Soon after Lamb's death, Hunt, who had praised him so frequently and warmly in his lifetime, probed straight to the heart of his character and his work and summed both up almost perfectly. Lamb was, he said, a humanist in the most universal sense of the term; "within the wide circuit of humanity no man ever took a more complete range." And then the climax to his many tributes to Lamb: "He was only at his ease in the old arms of humanity; and she loved and comforted him like one of her wisest, though weakest children. His life had experienced great and peculiar sorrows; but he kept up a balance between those and his consolations, by the goodness of his heart, and the ever-willing sociality of his humour. . . ." Such were his comments in the *London Journal* in 1835. In this journal, in which he gave freer vent than ever to his own taste and in which he adopted a method of "reading aloud as it were with his public" and pointing out rare beauties, Hunt introduced many choice bits of Elia. "We wish," he had said with the first of them, while Lamb still lived, "that the *London Journal* should contain whatever has been said in any quarter calculated to do honor to our excellent friend, and to increase the desire of the reading public to become acquainted with him."

In such service to Lamb—and to the reading public of his time—Leigh Hunt lived up to the title which, according to Lamb himself, best suited him, that of "Indicator." Undoubtedly he assisted in pointing out Elia to his own and later generations.

B · O · O · K · S

BIOGRAPHY OF ADVENTURER

THE FINISHED SCOUNDREL: *General James Wilkinson, Sometime Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, Who Made Intrigue a Trade and Treason a Profession.* By Royal Ornan Shreve. Indianapolis, Ind.: Bobbs-Merrill Co. Pp. 319.

The first biography of one of the most interesting adventurers who has yet made himself a part of American history is presented with the title, *THE FINISHED SCOUNDREL*, and with the subtitle, *General James Wilkinson, Sometime Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, Who Made Intrigue a Trade and Treason a Profession.*

It is unfortunate that the first study of Wilkinson, and high adventure in the Southwest, should be a lampoon, but such is the shape in which this first essay has appeared to tempt providence and encourage the reading public. The obviousness of the whole plan will draw no plaudits from the historical reader: too obvious unfairness; no interpretation; a supine willingness to accept, even to slightly misinterpret, the well-known, partisan criticism of Wilkinson's enemies.

From cover to cover it seems to be the author's sole purpose to serve the ends of a catchy title and to extirpate the "scoundrel." To further his purpose this journalistic lampoon is adorned with Peale's portrait of Wilkinson, the worst in existence, and embellished with John Randolph of Roanoke's dictum that "Wilkinson is the most finished scoundrel that ever lived." From the sensational first chapter in which the "scoundrel" is tagged and classified, one may follow Wilkinson from the figure of the bent twig, on through until the felled tree is rotted in a forgotten forest, in such chapters as "During a Convivial Hour," "The First Coat of Whitewash," "Apples, Flour, Fever, and Politics." The author does demonstrate that history may be, as Voltaire insisted, a bag of tricks to play upon the dead.

It is presumed, seemingly, that one will check his brains along with his hat when he reads this magnified opus of John Randolph's invective. One has no alternative, only Randolph's dictum. For without allowance or explanation the entire career, character, and personality of Wilkinson are predigested and prejudged. The author says: "This is the story of an amazing career, of one of the most weird and impossible

characters that ever strutted his little hour on the stage of a nation; of a man who was without a doubt the most clever and persistent, if not the most dangerous, of the small company for whom history reserves the infamous name of traitor." With this point of view, and a failure or unwillingness to see or portray the times in which Wilkinson lived, the author gives the "written up" facts of his life in so far as they follow his general thesis. He sees no significance save that of a scoundrel in the fact that young Wilkinson, without friends, money, or social position, rose to the rank of general in the American army before he was twenty-one—the youngest general in the Revolutionary War.

The author fails to consider that the America of Wilkinson's time was a land of opportunity. Expediency, opportunism, and "getting ahead" were not frowned on; such was the spirit of the times.

Wilkinson, the young American nobody, would have been a hero if the facts of his life had been garnered from more friendly critics: a boy general, an intimate of Adams, Jefferson, and Washington; his numerous friends including Gates, Greene, Hamilton, Knox, and Reed; the commander-in-chief of the American army before he was forty; an important actor in the affairs of the Southwest. A most remarkable career, for Wilkinson was with Gates at Saratoga; with Washington at Boston, Morristown, and Valley Forge; a leader in the development of Kentucky and the Southwest; second in command to Wayne and later commander in the Western territory. Wilkinson was largely responsible for the Pike expeditions; one of the Commissioners to receive Louisiana after the purchase; and he was suspected as one of the principal figures in the conspiracy of Aaron Burr. He ended his long military career during the War of 1812. The stigma of his involuntary retirement was lessened somewhat by the order dropping 1,800 officers from active service, and in the fact that Generals Dearborn, Hampton, and Hull, as well as he, were dropped for failure to reduce Canada. The *dénouement* of his life is concerned with his "Memoirs," Louisiana, Texas, and Mexico. And his burial in the parish church of San Miguel completes the cycle of one of the most daring, enigmatical, and fascinating figures in the story of America—a story which had begun in Tidewater Maryland in 1757 and ended in Mexico in 1825—in that time running the entire scale of fortune and then back again.

Along with his failure to interpret or to depict the times in which Wilkinson lived, the author has neglected the political side. For to disgrace Wilkinson would have been to discredit the ideas of Jefferson and

his party, and the Federalist opposition played this for all it was worth. Jealousy also came in for its share as Wilkinson was more successful than many of his followers.

In fine, the author sees Wilkinson as commander-in-chief in the army for seventeen years mainly for two reasons: (1) his talent for intrigue and (2) the fact that the country lacked better men. We learn that the author is tempted to think Wilkinson mad, a madness "in which ambition gives rise to delusions of grandeur, to moral obliquity in attainment of ends."

We gather from the scattered account which "hits the high spots," to fulfill the expectations aroused by the title, that Wilkinson first tasted the bitter sweet of intrigue in the Conway Cabal. Much is made of the duel of the "whitewashed felon" with General Gates; that Wilkinson lived on Spanish dollars; that his covetous attentions were turned everywhere with a receptive palm, while his own government paid for his well-covered activities; that through rascality he saved his own hide by betraying Burr; that three times he offered his life to the service of his country while he cleverly feathered his own nest; that he was tried and acquitted by a military court three times. While reveling apparently in the inefficiency of the government the author presents his drama of so-called vainglorious conceits, cunning and complicated plots, clever and unprincipled dealings of one of the most colorful and despicable figures in our history.

The author passes over his subject too hurriedly. Questions of economics, morals, and politics—of prime importance—have been treated as foreign matter. The majority of the scrapes in which Wilkinson was involved were due to his extravagant tastes, or to appease his egoism—certainly not for treasonable reasons. Also, the author is too free in his parade of slanders. For example, in the Kentucky secession movement, 1784-1789, nothing is seen but treason and treasonable acts.

The sensational, the already "worked up" side of Wilkinson is given; the other neglected. Granted that Wilkinson took the oath of allegiance to Spain while a citizen of Kentucky (Quintuqui), such lip-service was customary for admittance to New Orleans. In spite of much smoke, no proof is submitted that he ever betrayed his government in his trading activities between Kentucky and Louisiana. Wilkinson was, like others, literally swept off his feet by the opportunities to be realized from the resources of the West. His chief fault, however, was that he had a keener intelligence and a brighter imagination

than many of his time, and he represented the spirit of the frontier, something the East failed to understand.

Wilkinson's activities, especially in the much mooted Spanish Conspiracy, have been overplayed. He had no love for Spain; yet if he could dupe an enemy and get paid for it so much the better. In the code of the frontier it was not dishonorable to deal with an enemy if promises made were not kept, nor to accept a pension if treason was not committed.

One would hardly call this a first-class biography as the author has not interpreted the character of his subject. While obviously using the materials of others he has failed to interpret them. No footnotes are used. The bibliography and the index evidence carelessness and are incomplete. The story is not clear, facts are poorly interpreted, emphasis has been misplaced, and there is a lack of unity and coherence. Faulty sentence structure is common: Phrases are presented as sentences, and there are too many choppy sentences. The punctuation is bad, as is the spelling of proper names. But the main fault is that the author has emphasized the bad side and omitted the good, whereas both must be presented if one would essay an interpretation of this enigmatical figure.

ALBERT A. ROGERS.

COLERIDGE LETTERS

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: *Including Certain Letters Republished from Original Sources.* Edited by Earl Leslie Griggs. Two volumes. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1933. Pp. xxviii, 460; 476.

Professor Griggs first became known to students of Coleridge through his life of Hartley Coleridge, S. T. Coleridge's brilliant and erratic son, and through his notes and articles relating to Coleridge which in recent years have appeared in our foremost journals of scholarship. These notes were of a nature to whet the appetite for the feast that was to come, for Professor Griggs announced some time ago his purpose of publishing an edition of Coleridge's letters. The work was first brought out in 1932 in London by Constable and Co., a little more than a year before the Yale Press issued an American edition. The American edition is the better one, for a number of errors in text and notes have been corrected by the editor. His solicitude in the matter gives earnest that the errors which still remain—invariably in so large an undertaking—will be removed when the work assumes its final form.

This final form, so Professor Griggs promises, will be in the years to come a complete edition of Coleridge's letters. This is an accomplishment greatly to be desired, for the letters are now, even those that are published, widely scattered. What will perhaps always remain as the cream of the crop, both in fullness and in quality, are in E. H. Coleridge's collection published in 1895; this edition contains, I believe, 260 letters. Mr. Griggs now brings out an additional 400. But the supply is not thus exhausted, and if Mr. Griggs adheres to a plan of completeness, the ultimate number of Coleridge letters will almost certainly approach a thousand, a total which is indeed almost Walpolean in its magnitude.

In this projected complete edition Coleridge's letters will form one of the most fascinating and revelatory of all autobiographies. Undue reserve was certainly not one of Coleridge's faults. (His letters were not written with a view to publication.) In conversation and in writing, to friends and to strangers, he poured forth his thoughts and feelings.

Coleridge has always served as a model example of the really great genius who fails to produce works commensurate with his talent. His defenders have very rightly replied by pointing out that he created, among other things, immortal works in at least two fields, poetry and criticism, and that he won distinction by his writings in such diverse subjects as politics, religion, metaphysics, ethics, and drama. Yet the truth of the prevailing criticism of Coleridge cannot be gainsaid; almost all his creations are *disjecta membra*, and he failed to write many books that he had it in him to write. The reason for his failure we all know. Who can forget Hazlitt's portrait of Coleridge in his "First Acquaintance with Poets"; in particular, Hazlitt's remarks that "his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing-like what he has done"?

If the letters here published reënforce this popular conception of Coleridge, they likewise give us grounds for a better and more humane understanding of the man's difficulties. Among these difficulties the foremost probably was his health. As truly as Pope, Coleridge might have referred to "this long disease, my life." The demon of pain from youth to age beset him incessantly. The practice of taking opium was begun, and even continued, despite De Quincy's ill-natured remarks, as a means of allaying his physical agony.

Professor Griggs's book also shows more fully than ever before

Coleridge's unfortunate marital life. For the meek and pensive Sarah, Coleridge came to have a vehement dislike. In his most complacent and polite mood he referred to "her little corrosions and apparent unimpressibilities," truly characteristic, no doubt, of that virtuous but irritating lady. I believe Coleridge never forgave Southey for arranging the match. These letters clear up several biographical points; for example, the circumstances of the lapse of the Wedgwood pension are made plain, and Josiah Wedgwood is exculpated.

The reader of such a collection of letters will necessarily use the work selectively, and will be in all likelihood guided a good deal by the index. Without aid from the index the treasures of information will be like gems in "the unfathomed caves of ocean." Professor Griggs's index is accurate—no small distinction in itself—but because I value his material so highly I should like an index more inclusive, more analytical.

Of all the achievements of present-day scholarship none, I believe, is of more certain worth or more enduring merit than the recent editions of the letters of literary men. In these the author himself speaks, not his interpreters. In a real and important sense Professor Griggs's book is an *editio princeps* of Coleridge.

LEWIS PATTON.

A GREAT POET'S BLINDNESS

MILTON'S BLINDNESS. By Eleanor Gertrude Brown. New York: Columbia University Press, 1934. Pp. 167.

One of the best-known and most important facts in the biography of Milton is that he was for many years surrounded by "ever-during dark,"

from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

As a blind man he composed all his major poetry—except *Comus*—and many of his sonnets, as well as some of his prose works. Biographers and critics have not failed to comment on the probable influence of his affliction on the poet, but they have all lacked one qualification for understanding it, namely, the experience of blindness itself. But the author of the present volume says that "blindness has been a part of my life as far back as I can remember." For that reason she properly draws on her own experience in interpreting Milton, and to it

adds great industry and genuine love for the art of the great Puritan.

The different theories of the poet's blindness are reviewed; too late for treatment appeared Dr. W. H. Wilmer's article in *The Journal of English and Germanic Philology* for July, 1933. Though avoiding assertion, Dr. Wilmer prefers the explanation of glaucoma. As a layman, Miss Brown is unwilling to make any decision, though she rejects congenital syphilis.

The reviewer's opinion is that the amount of Milton's prose writing after he became blind was perhaps somewhat less than Miss Brown indicates; at least she seems to have missed (p. 111) Milton's statement in the *Second Defence* (Columbia ed. 136.20) that four of the six books of *The History of Britain* were complete by 1648; at most two were composed after he became totally blind.

In the chapter called *Breaking the Image*, the author decisively—and rightly, I believe—rejects the common assumption that *Samson Agonistes* is autobiographical, using her own affliction to refute the loose sentimentality of the seeing.

ALLAN H. GILBERT.

A SIGNIFICANT VOLUME

THE ECONOMY OF ABUNDANCE. By Stuart Chase. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1934. Pp. 327.

Stuart Chase is an economic romanticist. Given the same raw materials with which scores of academic economists compound dull scientific treatises, Chase produces a life-like, dramatic picture of the operations of our economic system. This product may lack something in scientific and logical analysis; it does not lack the power to interest and entertain.

The main thesis of this volume—Chase's latest—*The Economy of Abundance*, is not original. Many economists have pointed out in recent years that mankind now lives amid an economic world capable of producing, all in all, enough in goods and services to satisfy all genuine human needs. Other writers have described this desirable economic state as an "economy of plenty"; Chase terms it an "economy of abundance."

Too, other writers have indicated that while the manifold increase in our productive ability has materially altered the workings of our economic system, we cling to the old habits, institutions and even laws created during the earlier period when scarcity dogged our footsteps at every turn.

After demonstrating in the first six chapters that mankind is now virtually qualified to produce all that is needed to satisfy the needs of

every citizen, Chase then raises the question: Why, if we are able to produce plenty for all, must many starve, lack clothing, or be without adequate shelter?

Mr. Chase's answer is that we do not produce in order to satisfy human needs of food, clothing, and shelter. Rather production is carried on for the sake of profit. Adopting the terminology of Thorstein Veblen, Chase argues that the principal defect of our present system is that it is based on "vendibility" rather than on "serviceability."

From this point Chase goes on to demonstrate that the present ability to produce an abundance of all things to satisfy human needs makes it increasingly difficult and eventually impossible to market (to vend) these things in competition at a profit for the producer.

In the past, this author reasons, the value of a commodity, its "vendibility," has been assured by its scarcity. Hence the very ease and cheapness with which we are able to produce a plenty cramps the efforts of business men to gain a profit from the production of these commodities.

Mr. Chase's description of the economic problem that is presented by our ability to produce in abundance is ingenious, lucid, and interesting. His suggestions as to the way out, however, are not likely to satisfy the thoughtful reader. His proposals for reform, contained in the concluding chapter of this volume, are vague and indefinite.

In *The Economy of Abundance* Chase has added to all the qualities of dramatic exposition which he has displayed in his previous works, the use of statistical material, a familiarity with recent outstanding economic works, and a deal of economic analysis. The result is a volume which is throughout readable and entertaining and despite its defects in economic reasoning, on the whole, significant.

JOHN J. CORSON, III.

A CHALLENGE AND A HOPE

BARE HANDS AND STONE WALLS. By Charles Edward Russell. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons, 1933. Pp. 441.

These "recollections of a side-line reformer" should give hope to those inclined to pessimism by the present exposures of graft, crime, and corruption in high places. The book should be on the required reading list of every college course in American Government.

Mr. Russell insists on reading history with his mind, not merely with his eyes. The fortunes of the great reformers of the last half century are presented in brief and clear-cut review—Henry J. Philpott

and the Free Trade League; James B. Weaver and the Greenback Party; Ignatius Donnelly and the Peoples Party; A. C. Townley and the Non-Partisan League. These men advocated control of currency issuance and credit by the national government, curbing the control of monopolies, eight-hour working day, abolition of child labor, inspection of factories, initiative and referendum, election of senators by popular vote, graduated income tax, and government ownership of transportation and communication facilities. All of these reforms either have already been enacted or are now accepted as inevitable in the near future.

Many of the reformers of the last half century would now be considered reactionaries. But, not so in their day. Weaver was described (1875) as "a demagogue, a pestilent agitator, a reckless person plotting against the best business interests of the country," a Communist, Nihilist, and Anarchist. The Peoples Party was characterized as the "red menace from the West"; the Non-Partisan League as "a disguised Socialism, Anarchism, concocted by depraved men for the worst purposes, a swindle, a fraud, a crime." Always the reformers were "public enemies, seeking to overthrow the foundations of our holy and perfect system." Whenever a "depraved reformer" suggested a change in "this holy and perfectly authenticated order, there . . . [was] first laughter, then contempt, then alarm, then a rapid banding together of the forces of righteousness, then a struggle with the subversive red element trying to overthrow the Constitution, then a glorious victory for the right . . ." Thus reforms are defeated by the respectable element, who are forever crying out against the corruption and abuses of the present social order.

Yet, "no just revolt ever fails. We do not get all we want, but we get something. . . . Slowly conditions better, evil loses, good wins, and faith is justified." The New York tenements today are a far pace from the "urban hell" of the 1880's. Chicago with its Capone presents a contrast to Old Chicago, "the rowdy, dirty, slovenly, slouching, aggressively ugly brute of a place." In more than 400 cities, the manager plan of government has replaced the political boss. Also consider the state of the worker—long hours, no factory inspection, no workman's compensation, and no protection for women and children in industry. And nobody cared. Was it not a divinely ordered society?

In 1933 conditions are almost unbelievable, but now the community cares. "We have now the beginning of a public conscience about the things and the first flush of a determination to end them." Former

reform movements have failed because of (1) weariness before the struggle was half over; (2) squabbles, jealousies, and suspicions; (3) personal ambitions and loyalties; (4) failure of reformers to stand by when attacked. When the cry of "to hell with reform, it is hurting business" was heard, there was wholesale desertion.

But bare hands will continue to tear themselves on the stone walls of Vested Interests until our social order is made more just and equitable. "The only thing to be afraid of is the closed mind against new ideas."

This is no book for "softies" nor sentimental reformers but a guide book for those interested in justice, yet willing to face the facts and bear the brunt of battle. It is both a challenge and a hope.

E. T. PARKS.

STUDY IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY DURING THE WORLD WAR. (Albert Shaw Lectures on Diplomatic History. 1933.) By Charles Seymour, Provost and Sterling Professor of History, Yale University. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1934. Pp. ix, 417.

This volume, as the author remarks in his preface, "is essentially a study of the process by which Wilson, at first determined that the United States could and must stand apart from embattled Europe, was forced by the intolerable conditions of neutrality to bring America into the war and to promote a plan of international organization for peace." The intimate papers of Colonel House, and the diaries and memoirs of various participants in the events of the period, are skilfully used to illuminate the more formal correspondence of the diplomats. The result is an excellent narrative of a most important phase of American diplomacy.

The title, however, is too broad for the contents of the book. It deals only with the diplomatic relations of the United States and Europe during the period 1914-1918. The European diplomacy of the other independent states of America is not considered, nor are the diplomatic relations of the United States with Hispanic America and the Far East.

Moreover, some scholars may object to Professor Seymour's thesis stated in the quotation given above. They will contend that "conditions of neutrality" were not solely responsible for the entrance of the United States into the war. They will point out that the citizens of the United States had huge sums invested in the countries which were fighting Germany—investments which German success might have imperiled—and that something was said about making the world "safe for Democracy," safe from the peril of a victorious Germany.

J. FRED RIPPY.

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